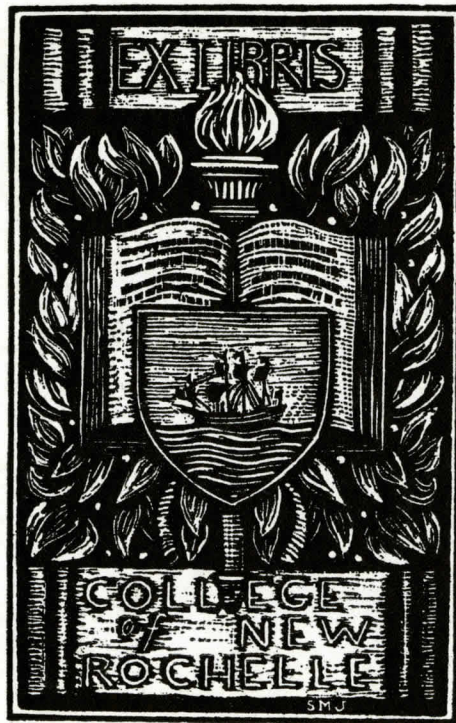


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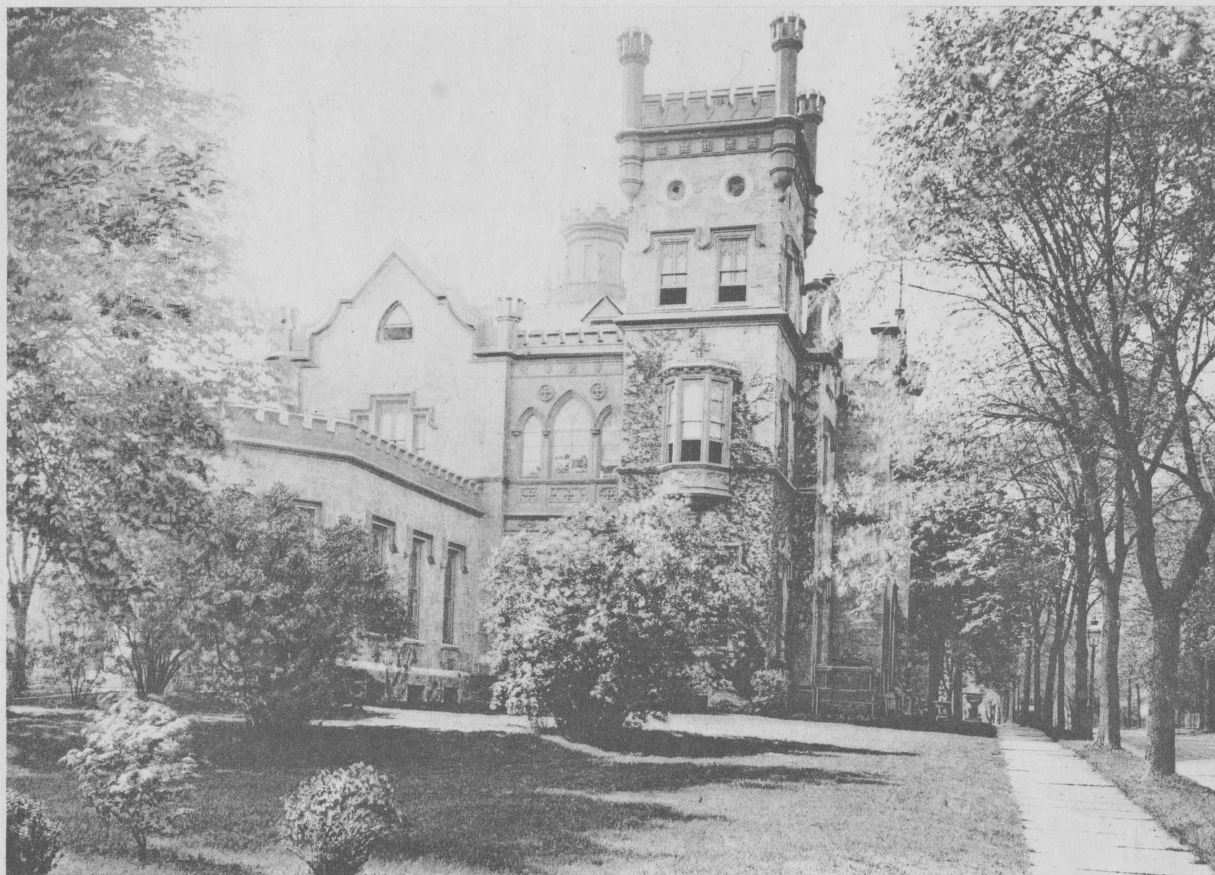
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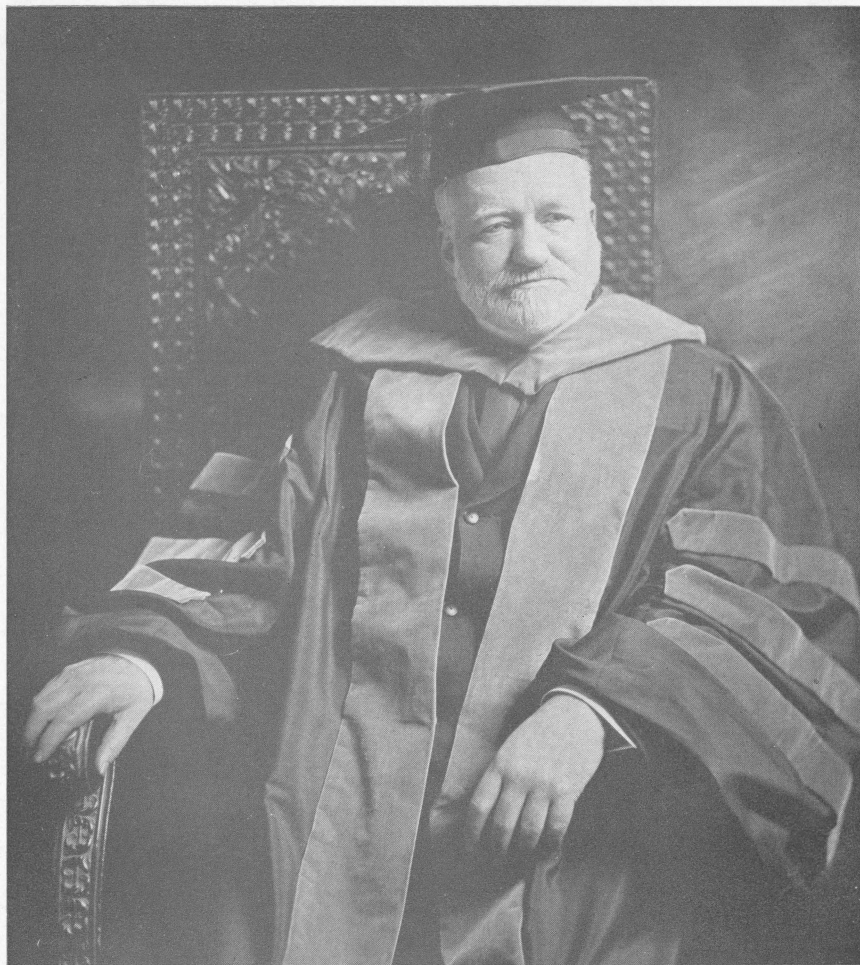


YEAR BOOK OF THE
College of New Rochelle



Edited by the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eleven

THIS BOOK IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO
REV. PATRICK A. HALPIN, Ph.D.
Professor of Philosophy



REV. PATRICK A. HALPIN, Ph.D.

New Rochelle College, New Rochelle, N.Y.
Fraser of St. Thomas Aquinas
3/7/11

My dear Pupils, I accept the dedication of this volume with thanks, with pleasure and with a pride I feel is legitimate. This first Year Book of our College will always be a reminder of many happy days spent with you in ~~a~~ serious study of those principles which were admitted centuries before Christ and which in the halcyon days of His Church were developed so amply and so triumphantly, that they are today the only basis of sound Metaphysics and Ethics, the whole world over. It will recall the many proofs you have given me, of solid piety, of the spirit of reverence, of charity and of splendid industry which fill me with a hope amounting almost to certainty of a future brilliant for yourselves, helpful for others and fruitful in rich results for Church and Country. The example you have afforded will remain a standard for after generations of students in the halls of your Alma Mater. It is this conviction which dulls the edge of parting. Wings strong and swift have been added to your equipment here and therefore your flight, no matter how weighty your responsibilities, must be sun-high and sun-bright. Be faithful to the motto of your Class. If you can't find a way open to the summits, you are pledged to make one. God grant that when taps are sounded, not one of you or rather not one of us be missing there where the Master crowneth. May every blessing of heaven attend each one of you always

Yours affectionately
P. A. Halpin Ph. D.



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Foreword

THE class of 1911 is the last of the charter-classes in the College of New Rochelle, and, as such, has been favored as perhaps no other will be. To her has been given the privilege of witnessing an eminently interesting process, the evolution of a college. What a remarkable evolution this has been, and what changes, what advances 1911 has lived to see!

It saw the first Senior Class and all the wonderful events which came with it, chiefly the first Conferring of Degrees. It saw this first class go out into the world and make a name for itself and for Alma Mater. During 1911's lifetime several old societies were reorganized and readjusted, new societies came into being, and a remarkable change took place in the organization of the college itself. This was the establishment of an Advisory Board which has accomplished wonders in the short period of its existence. The last change which 1911 will see will be its own graduation—an event which is at once a cause of joy and of sorrow; of joy because it means a recognition of four years of effort and application; of sorrow because it means farewell and 1911 is loath to go. It must leave its old friends, its pleasant associations and go forth to make new friends and conquer a new environment. It fully appreciates the importance of this, its new task; but it carries with it the spirit of Alma Mater, and with such a valuable asset it hopes for great things.

As the time for leaving draws nearer and nearer, 1911 grows melancholy and reflective, and that is why it has decided to publish a Year Book, which will serve to remind it of its college life with all the vicissitudes, all the triumphs and defeats, which make that life dear and which will spur this last of the charter-classes on to great deeds, deeds which will redound to the glory of Alma Mater.

This, then, is the purpose of the 1911 Year Book. We who have had the making of it ask you to remember that it is the first of its kind to go forth from New Rochelle and to judge it kindly.

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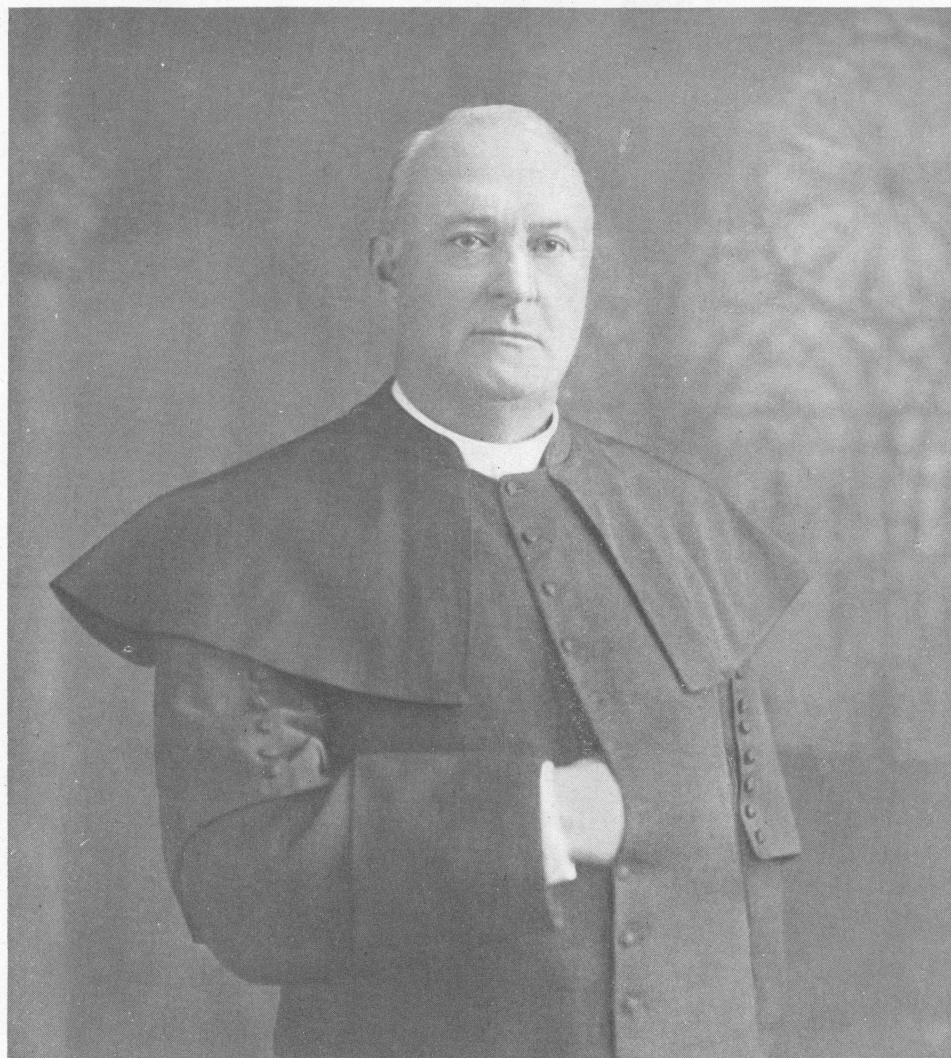
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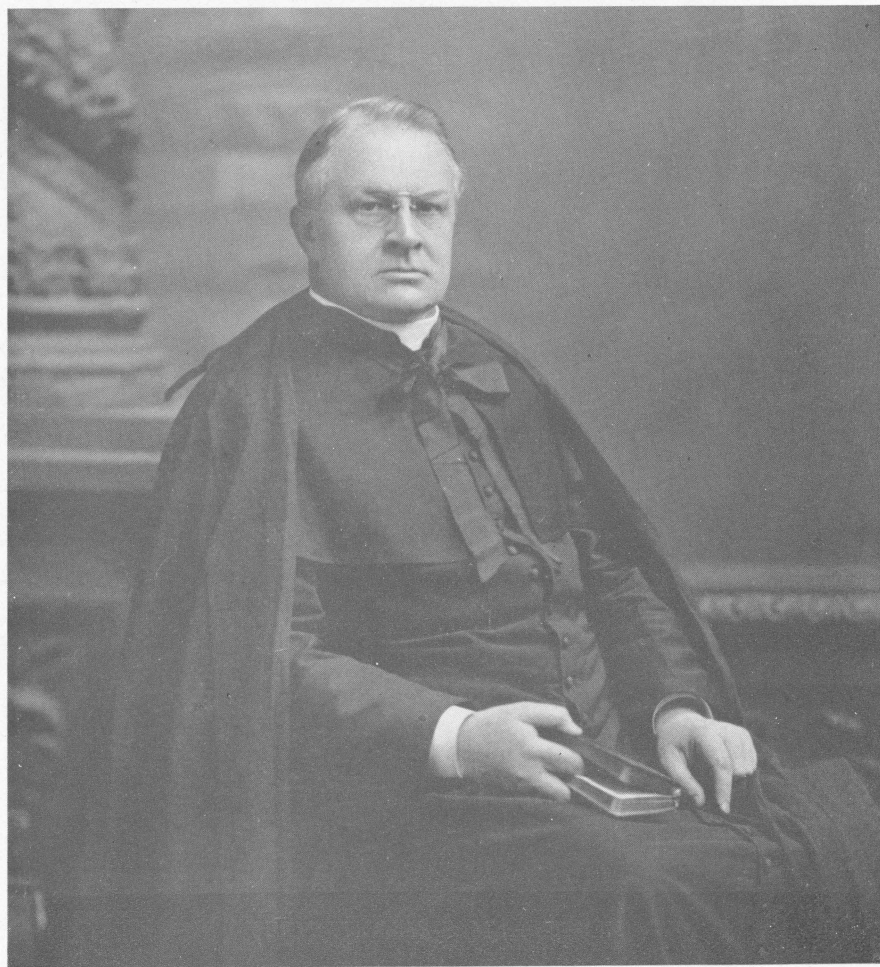
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When the College Was New

SAINT ANGELA'S or rather (since it has outgrown its christened name) the College of New Rochelle had an eventful babyhood and, if a noisy infancy is any forecast of adult strength, must be destined for great things when it shall have attained years of discretion. It was undeniably noisy, even boisterous. And yet I don't remember that it gave its guardians any serious cause for worry or kept anybody up nights. The truth was—nobody wanted to go to bed then and, as there was no legislation regarding lights, nobody had to.

The first class exercise, (there was no formal opening) was September 12, 1904. It was extremely early in the month for a College to begin work and few of the Pioneers were present. The honors of the occasion belong to Cornelia Hannan, Anna McLoughlin (now Sister Cephas) and Mary McDonnell. Winifred MacDonnell arrived that same day, I think, and the rest of us trailed along through the first four months, Marie Lalor arriving very shortly after, while I was one week late. Anna Brennan (now Mrs. Vanderpoel) came next. Irene Jennings and Josephine Larkin waited until Thanksgiving and Marion Hennessey and Agnes Keating came with the first Mid-years.

There were transients, also, but they must be nameless here as no method of identifying their footsteps on the shifting sands of that first year suggests itself. The three "oldest inhabitants" whom I have already mentioned were the sole members of that first Livy class taught by dear old Father White of blessed memory.

There was little of the discoverer's ecstasy about those first weeks. Our emotion partook more of the lonesome helplessness of the humble crew, forced to do things all out of their own heads. Nothing was ready-made. Precedent had to be manufactured and the consciousness of the exactions of future classes did not make the task easier. And yet there were compensations. A pleasing vagueness existed among the faculty as to our rights and privileges. Our wonder-working slogan "they do it in other Colleges" always won the day. Having no laws to tempt infraction, we were, what is usually called, law-abiding.

Indeed, there was not room enough for discord—in those days things were on a very small family scale. One cottage held us all. It was "Number 9" which then stood directly opposite the path leading to the Castle. "Sky Parlor" has since become the generic name for all upper college rooms but it originally applied to Anna Brennan's little room which was "sous les toits" for we were crowded in everywhere.

Things were very intimate. It was customary o' nights to gather together for a conversation feast. Usually the whole College could arrange itself comfortably, (allowing for some overlapping) on a small bed. Then there were ghost stories and stories of "things that happened back home" with the usual refreshments to top off.

Our meals were served in the Seminary Refectory. That, by the way, brings to mind the present day changes.

Then we were on close terms with the parent institution. Many strong friendships existed between the Seminary Seniors and the College. The Recreation Hour in the evening and the Study Period in the afternoon were common ground for both. The latter ignominious institution was soon abolished and when we grew large enough to fill our own table, we moved to what is now the Chaplain's Dining Room, and so we saw less and less of the younger girls.

Our class room, we only needed one, was the front part of the present College Library. The same sulky plaster Dante adorned the bookcase and there was a portable blackboard on which Mother Augustine conjured up ghastly sines, cosines and variables out of the "infinity" which was their proper sphere.

The original teaching force underwent many changes during the first year. Mother Augustine in the Mathematics department, Mother Carthage in History, Professor Sinagnan in French, Madame Sinagnan in German and Miss Fay in elocution were the only stationary classes as regards teachers. Dear Mother Carthage, who died the following term, held a variety of chairs in different subjects.

English was most chaotic of all. There was Miss Roberts, Miss Klapp and a number of interregnums, all more or less disturbing until Miss Bush came in our Sophomore year to make us wells of English, pure and undefiled.

There were no electives. Everyone took everything and "music extra." There seemed to be a general desire to "brush up," as it was called, and there was a tremendous amount of well-meant though futile practice.

A popular course was Friday Afternoon Etiquette. Under the kindly escort of Professor Rutledge, (who must have received his degree from the Old School) we enjoyed the weekly pleasure of "meeting the King."

Mr. Pallen came on Mondays to deliver a course of lectures on Dante. The spirits in the "Paradise" couldn't have been more exquisitely well behaved than we were during that hour. Dr. Manning gave an occasional talk on physiology. On Saturdays Miss Tucker regaled us with choice tidbits from the New York City educational scheme.

These were our works and looking back, with a vivid remembrance of the small amount of energy we put into each, (always excepting Mary McDonnell and Anna McLoughlin) I think we must have been judged principally by the faith that was in us! But there was a social side. The first and greatest event of the year was a sort of combination affair, a lecture on the Nile, moving-picture show, banquet, all of which were as nothing to the main feature—the first wearing of the cap and gown. Oh, those first scholastic impedimenta! Like the curses of the Jackdaw of Rheims, they hung on our backs

"In sitting, in standing, in lying,
In walking, in riding, in flying."

Moving pictures had not then fallen into disrepute and, viewed through the tassel of a neighbor's cap, might even be considered aesthetic. The banquet, too, was a brilliant affair only marred by the fact that, when we were called upon to respond to toasts, we were too dazed by magnificence to utter a syllable. Most of the sociableness of that

year consisted in unorganized hilarity which it better becomes the dignity of the first class to leave in oblivion. There was a Tennyson evening, however, and some real musicales. Father McLoughlin, always the staunch friend of 1908, occasionally came of an evening to regale us with beautiful music.

There were lectures, too. Father Halpin, then a stranger to us, gave a talk one Saturday morning. It was truly inspiring. We did not dare dream then that we could have him as a teacher and chaplain! When warm weather came, we had a straw ride. Reverend Mother Irene had given her permission for the affair but I don't think she had the faintest conception of the degree of rusticity involved. She looked so astonished when she saw her young ladies jauntily ensconced in a hay-wagon! But the permission held and it was a glorious straw ride—a moonlight picnic moving along the shores of the Sound. No one who was there will ever forget it!

The last days of Pioneer year will always call up to my mind the first Quarterly. Few publications have, I think, been more conscientiously edited. There were conferences for months between the editors, who were Mary McDonnell, Anna McLoughlin and the humble author of these reminiscences and Mother Augustine and Mr. Nelson Hume.

Whatever the financial status of the present Quarterly, the first edition, at least, looked more prosperous. It was de luxe in every respect except contents. Fat cherubs, who looked as if milk and honey had agreed with them, disported themselves about the College seal. The title in Old English surmounted this device and the whole was printed on heavy art paper in pale blue and bound with blue silk cords.

Inside were painfully labored essays on abstruse subjects. Each small literary craft steered out of the safe port of one irreproachable quotation through the perilous breakers of Exposition into the welcome haven of another two line sentiment, preferably verse.

But no one will ever know the vast labor of love that went into that first Quarterly. We were ten, all told, and it was a brave undertaking for so small a group. It would have been impossible save for the fact that Mother Augustine's boundless courage and cheerful common-sense stood behind us. For most of us, Mother Augustine was the College and 1908 would have gone through more than editorial throes to prove itself worthy of Mother Augustine's faith.

A word is due here to the wonderful efforts of our first dean, Reverend Mother Irene. Few of us will forget just how Herculean was her work as founder nor the tender thoughtfulness she showed each Pioneer. She was very proud of our Quarterly.

The printing-press and pioneer days do not go together, and with the first college publication the old times ended. When another term began, the college had reached a vigorous childhood, and the anxious period was safely past.

MARY CURRAN, '08.



THE CLASSES



Standing left - Sue Sargent

THE CLASS OF 1911

Class of 1911

CLASS MOTTO: *Viam inveniam ant faciam*

Class Colors: Brown and Gold.

Class Flower: Yellow Chrysanthemum.

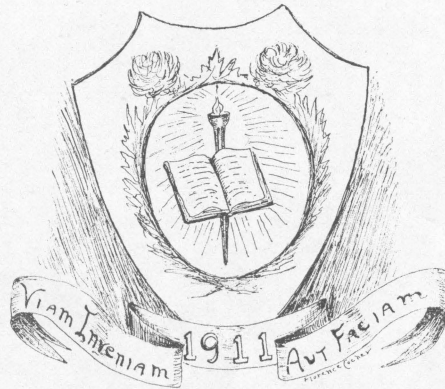
Class Officers

Freshman Year.

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Secretary, ESTELLE RYAN
Treasurer, ELIZABETH BURR

Sophomore Year.

President, SUSAN P. SARGENT
Vice-President, HELEN C. PATTON
Secretary, FLORENCE COCHEU
Treasurer, CECILE LAUGHLIN



Junior Year.

President, ROSAMOND M. RAWLINS
Vice-President, MARGUERITE O'KEEFFE
Secretary, JEANNETTE M. McMANUS
Treasurer, FLORENCE COCHEU

Senior Year.

President, ROSAMOND M. RAWLINS
Vice-President, MARGARET C. SHANNON
Secretary, FLORENCE COCHEU
Treasurer, ELLEN M. O'DONNELL



THE CLASS OF 1912

Junior Class History

Officers

MARY SIMPSON	<i>President</i>
BINA STARK	<i>Vice President</i>
GLADYS DEERING	<i>Secretary</i>
MAISIE BRADY	<i>Treasurer</i>

DID you ever try to puzzle out the secret of the charm of Freshman year? Why is it that, staid Seniors and Juniors, with a conviction of "physical, mental and moral deve'opment" strong upon us, the thought of Freshman year always brings a peculiarly tender smile and a feeling of regret for something lost? Is it that Memory throws a glamour over all, and we see through a haze? Perhaps, but the charm is surely there, though elusive and fleeing analysis.

Our Freshman year was truly a year of delight. Arriving too long after the founding of the college to suffer any of the disadvantages which are, perforce, incident upon the entering of untried fields, we nevertheless were fortunate enough to catch sight of the Shandian coat-tails of the first college spirit as it vanished around the corner of Liberty Avenue, to give place to the stately lady who now holds sway, clad in dignified "cap and gown" (and high collar) with the Student's Hand Book strongly in evidence. Older and more serious grown, we revere the present tutelar spirit, but we rejoice to have known, in the first fine rapture of college life, the dispossessed Lares. Where, otherwise, would be some of our most cherished memories? There's the first glorious night-spread in the Physics laboratory, then there's the pilfering of silver from the dining-room for another spread, with the train of broken locks, sugar-bowls, etc., incident upon the act, followed by the indignation of the mistress, who sternly expressed the opinion that the Freshman president should advise her class to ostracize the culprit. (She little knew that the "prexie" herself was the culprit.) Last and best, our own particular property, Augusta Trigonometry! This haughty lady departed the earth January 27, 1909, and was laid at rest 'neath the willows on the campus, with appropriate funeral services (followed by "funeral baked meats" served in the Physics laboratory).

To be sure, Freshman year was not all sunshine. I remember one dark afternoon, just before the Meet, when only lack of travelling expenses preserved us to St. Angela's. Freshmen are always packing up to go home, when anything goes

wrong! And when did something fail to go wrong around the Meet? Didn't the other team have an extra practice,—or in some inexplicable way, didn't they learn our most carefully guarded secret—our mascot? As we look back, we wonder how we survived, but the sweets of our cup come later, for we won the game.

Spring followed close upon the Meet, and, before we realized it, Commencement was upon us. For the first time, we experienced the haunting witchery of Commencement Week, and we can give it no higher praise than that it was a fitting ending to a year of joy.

Sophomore year brought pleasures of various kinds. First, there was the hazing, but I will modestly pass over our exploits in this line (they were chiefly in the making of green caps and gowns, and the mixing of onion and molasses concoctions) and tell of others. This year we quaffed from the Horatian fount, and later we learned to love "the tenderest of Roman poets, nineteen hundred years ago." We also retained our interest in Athletics, and Fortune smiled on us again on February 26. But the fickle jade completely turned her back on us on Field Day, and gave the Freshmen the victory. 'Twas a sad ending to a beautiful Commencement Week, but the following week, with its final exams. and essays, was infinitely sadder.

The half-way mark of our Junior year finds us so much more serious, as we possess a clearer and a nearer view of our goal. (This year, too, has destroyed a pleasant memory of Freshman year, the associations that clung round the Physics laboratory. Truly the associations of a place must be very strong to counteract the influence of experiments there, every Monday and Wednesday from four to six, especially in these spring days.) As spring is peeping out and "solvitur acris hiems" is frequently heard, we realize that this year she is not so welcome, for her joy has a strong trace of sadness. Commencement comes too close upon spring, and Commencement, this year, means farewell to 1911, "our enemies in Freshman year, our rivals in Sophomore year, and this year our 'pals.'" If the others miss us as we'll miss them, our college life has not been lived in vain.

Sophomore Class History

Officers

MAY KENNEY.....	<i>President</i>
MARY KEATING	<i>Vice President</i>
ANNA DONLIN	<i>Secretary</i>
ANNA CODY	<i>Treasurer</i>

Autobiography of the Class of 1913

THERE was nothing particularly remarkable about the day on which we first opened our eyes upon the College world. It was a sunny September day, all tinted in rich golds and reds, and scented with sweet damp grass and over-blown clover. But there is nothing remarkable about that kind of a day; that is, in the ordinary run of affairs, leaving "us" and our birthday out of the question.

We were very large, much larger than our older sister, and we were the center of attraction. The girls gathered around us, asking us all sorts of queer unanswerable questions, and taking for granted an astonishing amount of local knowledge. How, indeed, were we to know "49" from "39" or a haughty Sophomore from a pre-occupied Junior, for were we not just born into College?

But we learned, oh yes, we learned! We learned all sorts of strange things about the Sophomores; among others that they could haze us, that College life includes some studying and a few tests, that the Boston Spa—well, the Boston Spa has certain unmentionable memories of green caps and—other things!

We were admitted into various societies and clubs. How we fretted over that awful examination for the Dramatic Society, and how miserably we stuttered and choked over the "durings" and the "beens"! And then how proud we were later, when we acted, actually acted in "Twelfth Night," and covered ourselves with glory.

But nothing else was quite as bad as the Basket-Ball game. Gracious! how we prayed and practised and practised and prayed! In vain, for were not the Sophomores the complacent and acknowledged champions in the field? So we bravely consoled ourselves with the touching quotation: "'Tis better to have *played* and lost, than never to have



THE CLASS OF 1913

played at all," though in our heart of hearts we all doubted it! But we choked down our cocoa and soothed our wounded feelings with fudge and chocolate creams—that was the silver lining!

One night we gave a bazaar for the benefit of the "Quarterly." Such a wonderful success it was that we made fifty dollars, and all in one evening! After that we felt encouraged, and we won a banner for our class-song,—the loveliest maroon and white banner with a great big 1913 in the center. To cap the climax, we carried off the honors in the June Meet! How we cheered when we won at Baseball, and how our hearts almost stopped beating with joy when a 1913 arrow shot clean out of a 1913 bow right into the bull's eye.

All the time we were fast growing up. One morning, just to prove to ourselves that we were still hale and hearty, we got up at the shivery gray hour of four, and had a merry breakfast in front of the Gym. Then partly because there was no more breakfast, and partly to give vent to the exuberance of our spirits, we lock-stepped around the campus and awoke all the slumberers with our ringing cheers.

Now we have outgrown such youthful folly. We are not so large as we used to be, and we are taking on the responsibilities and cares of the aged, but we always bear in mind that quality, not quantity, is the main necessity. True, we have our troubles—the Gym always makes us wonder if we can possibly scrape up enough for practise, and the very word "Poetics" acts like a cold shower bath!

And then our Freshman Basket-Ball team, which was good even though not victorious, is departed and gone, all but one lone forward. And who would ever have supposed that our weak, despondent team, scraped up with so much difficulty, could beat the Freshmen, youthful, lusty and vigorous as all Freshmen should be, and as they certainly are? But we won the game when we never even dared to hope for it, and though it cost us a hard struggle, the victory was all the sweeter!

Dear me! it hardly seems possible that we are almost grown up enough to lose our big sister class, and we don't know what we'll do without her, we really don't. Such a kind and sympathetic big sister we have, too, and here we are soon going to be a big sister class ourselves! I hope we'll be as good as dear "1911" was to us—I hope so, but I doubt it. Still we are going to try!



THE CLASS OF 1914

Freshman Class History

Colors: Dark Blue and Light Blue.

Motto: Ad Astra per aspera

Officers

MARY T. CURRAN.....	President
ROSE FEIG.....	Vice-President
JULIA O'BRIEN.....	Secretary
LOUISE SEYMOUR.....	Treasurer

EACH College year has its peculiar and attendant pleasures. But there is something delightful about the Freshman year that can be enjoyed in no other stage of College life. When the first of June has come, we feel that the first bloom of the flower is gone; and though we carry much with us of experience and happiness that we would not willingly relinquish, we leave behind us that freshness of life which only Freshmen can enjoy.

It has been said that our Freshman class is not as united as it ought to be. However that may be, we at least started life as a class very much of one mind. One day a whispered word went round that the Freshmen were to establish a precedent. How mild it sounded, and yet how fraught with subtle interpretation it might be. Had it been noised abroad it would hardly have excited suspicion. But who could have guessed that this particular precedent involved midnight mysteries; that the yet tender Freshmen would rise, and at the 'witching hour glide, sheet-enveloped, into the desolate and gloomy campus? But so they did. The moon rode high, but issued forth only in fitful gleams. Little gusts of chilly wind made the candles sputter that stood at the head of a coffin. As the ghostly figures gathered round, the red gleam from the lanterns which each carried, threw a lurid light upon the new-turned sod and the open grave. In utter silence the coffin was lowered. The hammer was buried, henceforth there would be no "knocking" in "1914."

The next day the story of the night's escapade travelled quickly from mouth to mouth. The Freshmen had established not only a precedent, but a reputation as a class of spirit.

It is not easy to overestimate the importance of class spirit. It is the quality that makes for success, not only in College pranks, but in scholarship. College years are said to be the happiest time of life; they are certainly the years for seeing life in its happiest aspect. And the Class of 1914 bids fair to rival others in this kind of experience, for they are the happiest, most lovable set of girls to be found anywhere, full of life, kindly, thoughtful, not in too much hurry to be learned.

Commencement Week Program

Sunday, May 21, 1911

Baccalaureate Sermon

Monday, May 22

Class Day

Glee Club Recital

Tuesday, May 23

Commencement Day

Wednesday, May 24

Senior Breakfast

Presentation of Sodality Crosses

Sodality Dance

Thursday, May 25

Banner Day

Senior Reception

Friday, May 26

College Play

Saturday, May 27

Field Day

Class Day Program

Senior Banquet
College Promenade

President's Address
Class History

Class Prophecy
Planting of Class Tree

Giving of the Key
Senior Farewell to Alma Mater

Class Day Committee

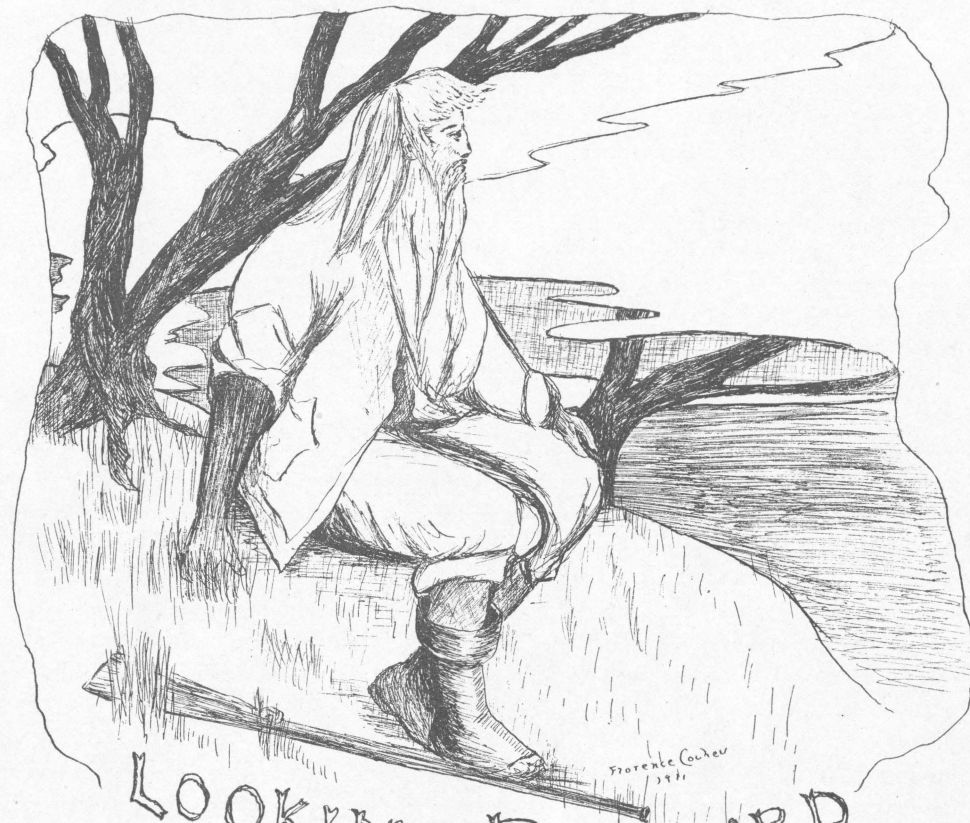
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VERA BABCOCK
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MARY E. CLAREY
CATHERINE CONNOLLY

MARGARITA DE TOVA
NORA A. HAFEY

JEANNETTE McMANUS
MARGARET SHANNON



LOOKING BACKWARD

Class History

IT was in the September of 1907 that we made our first bow before the College footlights. That Fall marked the rise of "1911." Fresh from the field of High School conquests we came, eager to add more scalps to our gay collection. Straightway we added one—it was our own.

The gray Castle Wall frowned upon us, the Seniors smiled pityingly on our freshness, the Sophomores grinned at us, and we—we subsided—to bide our time.

The first week we were pretty well occupied, overcoming the annual epidemic of Hay Fever prevalent among the Freshmen,—also with sightseeing. The historic spots of New Rochelle, the Spa, Ferguson's, Havard's, and the "Palms," for instance, fully repaid the cheapest effort.

Then, following the footsteps of our predecessors, we hastened to organize the class proper. In approved fashion we elected a president, Dorothy Brosmith, and drew up a constitution in strict accordance with Parliamentary Law (gleaned from frequent perusals of Cushing's Manual).

Next the defense of person and property from the attacks of the playful Sophs claimed our closest attention. With a martyr's fortitude we endured their visitations, and then, to the complete upheaval of all tradition, retaliated "tit for tat." Our exuberance of spirit received a severe check in our first tussle—the "hazing" which never took place. We came out rather the worse in this battle. But subsequent successes have amply atoned for that one failure.

Our first truly social affair was the big College Hallowe'en Party, where our entertaining genius first spread his wings. Just before Christmas we made our first dramatic effort—quite an effort it proved. "Alcestes"! Could we ever forget that first play, where Helen Murphy's wig didn't fit her head, and where the Greek Chorus—alias "Floats"—forgot their chant, and Vera, done up in two college gowns with a sword taller than herself, was "Death"? Aye! literally she was death—to the audience. Our dramatic talent was still in the bud then; it took a couple of years to bloom in full glory.

After Christmas came the terrifying week of "exams," our first at College. In true Freshman spirit we quaked and quivered—and crammed. At 12 P. M., at 5 A. M., the abode of the Freshies resounded with the murmurs of droning voices. Estelle took it worst of all. The first day of the week she took her station on the top stair of "38," and nothing but the call of an exam. or dinner could rout her. Step by step she proclaimed advance on the path of knowledge in loud stentorian tones. Echo answered with the whizzing of flying books and papers and epithets—since forgotten.

" 'Tis an ill wind blows nobody good," and when the day of the Meet drew near, the memory of those tones was still with us. With unanimous vote she gained the position of "cheer-leader."

Now that the awful week was over, our spirits rebounded from the unnatural strain of study and grew light and "frothy." We wanted to sample the much-boasted-of social life for which College is ever renowned. Of course we always had the evening hour together, when kindred spirits communed (mostly in couples) in the marble parlor or the shadowy corners of the library, and the "common herd" gamboled openly in the "Hall." But, whereas "forfeits" and "Farmer-in-the-Dell" and Nora's screaming farce, "Three Deep," were novel and entertaining, recalling the innocent frolics of our long-past childhood days, they grew tiresome, and we thirsted for more elaborate, more formal entertainment.

Our first attempt at formality was the Colonial Dance, at which we assisted the Sophomores to entertain the upper classmen. Incidentally, I might say, we gave ourselves a much better time than our guests.

The preparation for the Mid-year Meet interrupted our pursuit of folly. The chief feature of this Meet was the Basket-Ball game between the two lower classes, and from now on we devoted every spare minute to practice. The heart-aches we suffered before the class team was chosen were nothing to the other aches we endured afterwards when "Stub" O'Donnell, our "mile-high" captain, kept us at work, "scrubs" and regulars, morning, noon and night. When the day came and brought victory to the "Brown and Gold," there was no place this side of the Styx large enough to hold us. It was only one game of a series of three, however, so we refrained from rejoicing unduly. Owing to adverse circumstances, the rest of the series had to be held over till the next Fall.

Spring was now with us, and we turned our attention to the inspection of the surrounding country. New York offered a large field for such work, but Pelham, Larchmont and Hudson Park were nearer and easier of access, therefore more popular.

Our ordinary method of locomotion was the pedestrian. Especially as financial panics were apt to be prevalent toward the end of the year. But occasionally we rode in state, or rather bumped in state in the Castle's sole conveyance, the old black cart drawn by poor moth-eaten Dolly, casting reproachful backward glances with every step.

In blissful, care-free, Freshman fashion, we jogged along till Commencement week. Then we woke up with a start, for Field Day was upon us, and chances much against us. Things went badly in the beginning; our mascot, our boon companion, Dolly, with her famous chariot, was stolen by the wily Sophomores. Then in tennis we were sadly defeated. But Sue Sargent's wild pace in the running made victory assured. Basket-Ball we won hands down. With this victory we placed the seal on our Freshman year. For Field Day ended Commencement Week, and only exams., a minor detail, remained.

We went through Commencement Week with the same awestruck admiration that all understudies experience gazing upon the drama in which, the gods propitious, they may some day play the leading part. At the end of it all, we packed our trunks, called an "Au revoir" to our comrades, and sallied forth, Freshmen no more.

We came back the following September fewer in numbers, but no less rampant of spirit. The verdant hue of our Freshman countenances had changed to the Sophomore's brilliant scarlet. This year's elections resulted in giving us Sue Sargent for president, and under her leadership hearty plans were made to amuse our little friends, the Freshies. For days we goaded our victims with every scheme our fertile minds could devise. At the final hazing it was rather difficult to decipher which class was the hazed. I know the scent of the Limburger remains with *us* still, and our gowns were more than passing acquaintances with onions and molasses for many a long day. Shortly after this, we buried the hatchet temporarily, by an exchange of gay fetes that helped gladden life a bit until Christmas.

After the mid-year exams., no longer terrifying to our upper years, but excessively boresome, we arranged to play off the basket-ball series with the Juniors. The game took place January 16, and the result was the old story, victory for "1911." Alas for us, it was the last time we were to hear that particular story. "The cold, gray dawn of the morning after" came for us the day of the Mid-year Meet when the "Brown and Gold" suffered its first defeat. It was a square fight, and we lost. Our exterior was cool enough afterwards, but within—unspeakable chaos! I think in our heart of hearts we lay that defeat, at least in part, to that farcical Russian Dance with which we were forced to convulse the audience.

That second year was very much like a see-saw, as I remember it, all "ups and downs"—chiefly "downs" the latter part. We played to hard luck all that term. Our right to the Cup we had won from the Juniors, was hotly contested. Athletic meeting after meeting was held to decide the burning question, and many a wordy battle was waged before our superior logic won the day.

Even the College Tea, at which we so proudly ushered, was not exactly a howling success. In truth—whisper it low—it was a dismal failure. Though we did our best to lend "tone" to the affair by rehearsing our little stunt daily in the gymnasium under Miss Bush's careful direction.

"As You Like It" at the Waldorf, our first Mid-year Play, was the only bright spot in all that term. With Cecil Loughlin, '11, as Touchstone, Stelle Ryan, '11, as Senior Duke, and Stub O'Donnell, '11, Duke Frederick, we felt no little responsibility for its success, and when it proved such a decided one, we demanded a due share of the glory.

After the play our undivided attention was given to preparations for Field Day. But when the Faculty sub-

stituted Ring Hockey for Basket-Ball, our Athletic fervor was considerably cooled. It was quite beyond Captain Florence's power, mighty though it was, to bring us up to practice. 'Tis well for the honor of the Athletic Association that the adverse elements intervened and prevented the contest. For I'm not far wrong, I think, in stating that the Freshmen were as bashful as we were in displaying their ability to wield the hockey-stick. Most of us passed the exams. that followed, and at once assumed the dignity borne of our new title—upper classmen. Our sporting days were over now for good and all, and we turned towards "pastures new." Now it's all over, we look back in our philosophical musings and say "cui bono"? It was a different tale "in the olden days."

In our new character of philosophers it was now necessary to change our attitude towards life a bit, for the frivolities we had previously indulged in were not befitting our new dignity. Figures were no longer seen flying to and from the "Gym." The campus resounded no more with our strident "halloes." Now-a-days we stalked to and from our arduous tasks with solemn mien and mincing steps. With a stately wave of the hand we beckoned to a far-off classman and, approaching with dignity, held low-whispered converse.

In all earnest, though, we did achieve something that year. As the last of the four charter classes we have witnessed more changes than any one future class ever will. Not that we claim credit for *all* these changes, but we haven't been exactly standing still while our world moved on around us.

Looking back now, we point with great pride to the various achievements of that strenuous year. We began well by electing, as Junior President, Rosamond Rawlins. Indeed the choice proved so fitting that next year's election brought no change, and therefore our Senior year became as great a success as this busy Junior one.

In that masterpiece of ingenuity and artistic ability, our Junior-Freshman Carnival, we reached the pinnacle of social fame. But it was no carnival to us, and the results are still apparent in some of our members. The gentle joy of giving did not quite equal the labor. Never more will Stubbie head the Refreshment Committee, to which she has been affiliated since her Freshman days. She balks now at the mere sound of "eats." And to mention paper flowers to Betty is more dangerous to personal comfort than waving a red flag at a bull. The hours she curled chrysanthemums are not "strings of pearls" to her. To this day the closets of the Senior house are flowing over with her "posies."

But do not think our time was wholly devoted to such matters. Quite the contrary! For hours at a time we haunted the lower chambers of the laboratories in search of scientific knowledge. "Physics" was the special favorite. Late hours, high stools, even experiments that never came true, deterred us not. The epistolary skill, the wide knowledge of light fiction gained during those hours, were too valuable to be lightly set aside.

We did not neglect the "higher things of life." The organization of the Students' Advisory Board and the subsequent campaign against cheating deserve a prominent place in the annals of New Rochelle College. Incidentally, the success of both was due in a great measure to "1911" girls.

Commencement week brought that year of events to a close in one grand social whirl. Banner Day, an innovation, was the day of days; and even if poor little "Annie Laurie," in her new dress, failed to win the banner, our sister class's more original composition succeeded, and we rejoiced accordingly. It was all in the family! The rest of the week was as always. Only, under our management, as Juniors, we naturally considered it a bit more original. Our social record, established then, is still unrivalled. We couldn't even compete with it ourselves, for a Senior has no time to frivol. It is a common idea that the Senior is merely an important privileged figurehead. Take a Senior's word for it, under classmen, she is not what she seems. We have never worked harder than this, our last year. We have seen the Advisory Board take its proper place in College life, we have seen the Glee Club organized, and we have given the College its first Year Book.

The most successful social affair of this year was the Sophomore-Senior Surprise-party. Surprise for the Seniors only, for it was the Sophomore's magic wand that brought it all about. At the appointed hour, a wave of that wand brought the "taxicorps" en masse to our doors, another wave and we were borne in state to the festive scene, the Village "Inn." A delightful dinner, presided over by our dainty hostesses, brought the evening to a close. One and all, we vote it the dandiest evening of our whole four years in New Rochelle.

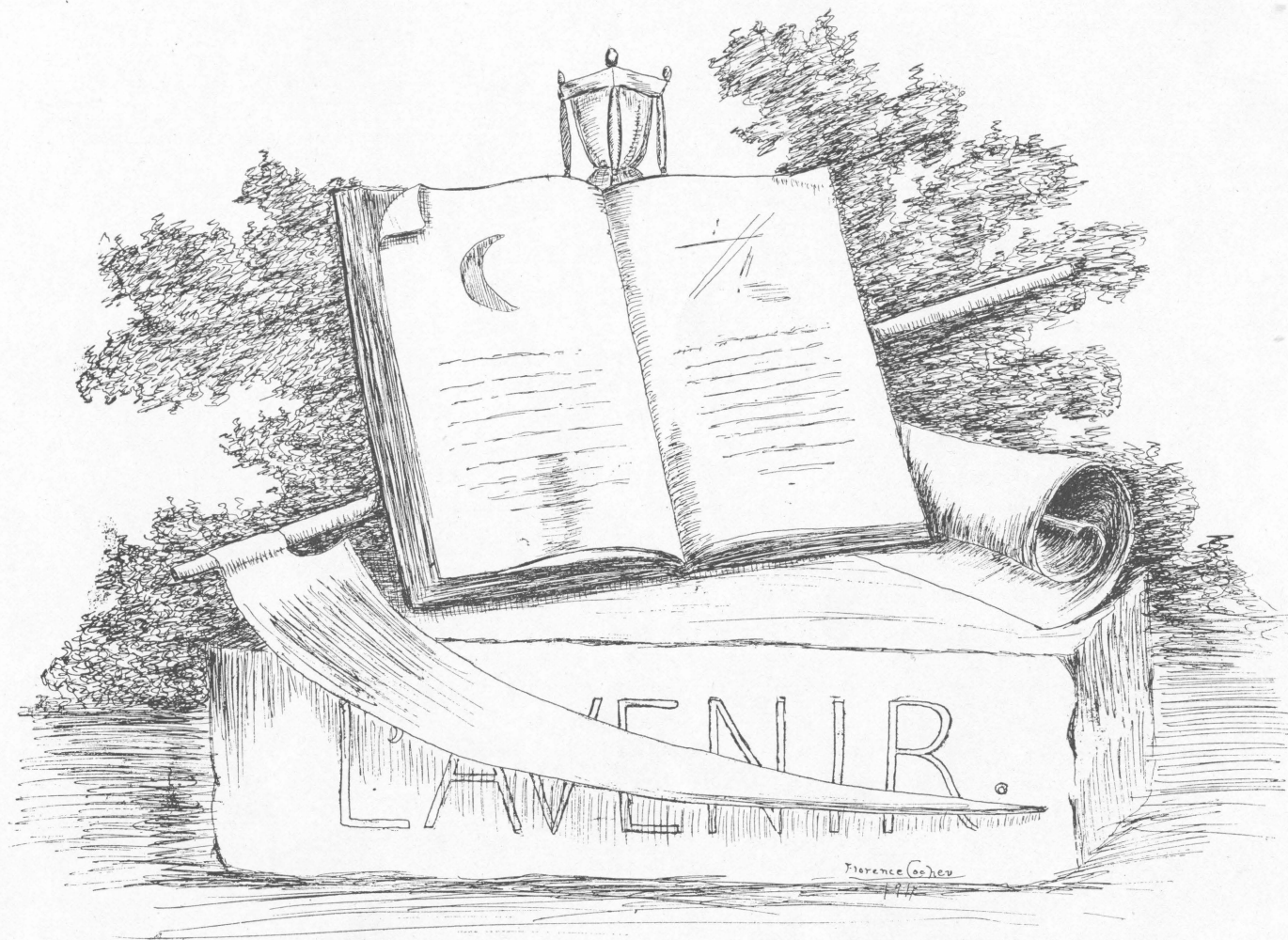
We have practically finished now and not a word of our many escapades, the sweet fruits of the "Must-not Orchard." But, as women of wisdom, it is not proper to tempt innocent under-graduates by the glamour of our wild oats. We remember them distinctly.

Election Night to "1911" can only connote one thing, dark forms huddled close to Mother Earth, and more excited figures 'neath a certain window in No. 9, trying to restore some shape to the struggling mass of arms and legs suspended above their heads. You know, "Ted" Edwards never could keep her equilibrium in a gym suit.

The "Gym at Night," a meaningless phrase to most, is fraught with dreams for us,—dreams oddly mixed with chemical odors, darkness, giggles and pickles.

As for John, the Gasman,—nothing, children, but a bogymen to catch you if you didn't "light-out."

You have our record now, entire. We have done our best, no more was asked. The drama is over, the players ready to depart. "Ring down the curtain for the A. B.'s are here,"



Class Prophecy

"**H**OW unsophisticated I was ten years ago in the days when I was young and charming!" thought I with a superior smile, as I was leisurely adjusting my wireless receiver and buckling on my aero-plane protector, preparatory to going out for a stroll one May morning. A happy thought seized me, why not hunt up some of my old friends and see what Fate had held in store for them. A real inspiration surely, and I sallied forth.

Since the weather was of the kind that makes the sentimental youth sigh and murmur, "Oh, what is so rare as a day in June!" I thought first of all that I would take a short trip to a charming suburb, "Blissville," whose inhabitants are noted for their peculiar, far-away, not to say dreamy look and whose houses are all of an insipid sort of drab or dove color.

Walking a short distance from the station, I came upon a street which, I discovered, was called "Love Lane." It was a pretty shaded avenue, with a row of trees on either side. As I walked slowly along, peeping curiously into the windows, I saw a head that seemed somehow familiar to me. I gazed and then I gasped. Could this be true! Could that be—but no, impossible, and I fairly ran around the darkly shaded path, which led to the kitchen where I had seen the figure at work. At the door I stood still in amazement, speechless for the first time in my life. There was Vera Babcock! And Horror's crown of Horrors! she was washing dishes. I gazed silently around the kitchen with the blue and white enamel pots shining on the walls, which were tinted a delicate light blue. I noted the brave array of china in the closet and, last of all, I looked at the fussily made apron which enveloped the mistress. Everything fairly screamed newly-wed, and I fled before Vera had finished washing the berry dish. "Oh, this love in a cottage!" I groaned, "who would have accused her of it? I wonder whether she was washing that dish by the laws of Philosophy or by those of Calculus."

That was cottage No. 7. So, thinking that I might as well allow an element of chance to enter into the expedition, I walked boldly up the front path of No. 11. On the porch was a baby carriage, evidently the worse for wear, and from the upper windows came the sweet music of crying children. I peeped in the window, and sitting there, serenely calm in spite of the turmoil overhead, was Polly Brosmith. "Hurrah for Polly," I thought, "she surely deserves credit for being able to read with that bedlam overhead." I glanced at the title of the book in which she seemed engrossed, "How to make twelve kinds of dishes with one kind of meat!" I uttered an exclamation more forceful than

polite, at which Polly turned around. "Madame," said she, "please go away. You are disturbing the children. 'Ye Gods," thought I, "what an imagination—as if such angels could be disturbed!"

I walked along slowly, resolved to try one more cottage in this lane of surprises. And, thinking of the proverbial way of reaching a man's heart, I crept quietly around one of the smallest houses and looked in the dining-room. There on the table, evidently set for dinner, were strawberries and cream and roses. "Good Heavens," thought I, "there must be something more substantial." But no, I could see nothing else. I looked in the next room. There was a bookcase filled with books—"Laura J. Libby," etc. I looked around for the mistress. There she was, cutting flowers in the garden. "If Shakespeare were here," thought I, "he would change his mind about men not dying for love. This poor man will." I looked more closely at the figure in the garden. There was our formerly sane classmate, Helen Patton. Oh, Helen! Helen! if I could have foreseen this, I surely would have warned you against reading dime novels and wasting gas in other ways, when you should have been sleeping.

Afraid to try any more houses, I hurried to the station and caught the first train back. While in the train, I chanced to buy a paper, and there the glaring headline met my eye, "Golf championship won by a Woman." I glanced over the description of the tournament, when a familiar name arrested my eye. "Miss Shannon tells how she does it." Shannon! That seemed very familiar. I looked again. Yes, there it was, Margaret Shannon. My chest swelled visibly and I thought, "Well, why shouldn't she? From our College; anyhow, I always remember that she took to golf as naturally as a duck takes to water."

In hopes that the paper would reveal more glory for St. Angela's, I read it over carefully. Yes, sure enough, there was a verse by our famous poet, Jeannette McManus. Certainly my friends were making their mark in the world. I read the poem carefully and was delighted with it. It showed so clearly the skillful handling of meter and the careful choice of language. I laughed when I thought of the practice given her by the hard taskmasters, the editors of the Year Book. At length I reached the Grand Central and walked leisurely down Fifth Avenue, resolved to go into the first large building that I should come to.

The first building proved to be a bank, one of the most reliable and up-to-date in the business world. My heart sank as the porter approached me, but I said calmly, "I wish to see the president on important business." I was ushered into a luxuriously furnished office and, lo, and behold! there at the desk sat Betty Burr. At first, to my shame, I could imagine nothing but that she was the private secretary. At last Betty finally made me realize that she, herself, was the president. "But, Betty," I insisted, "how did it happen?" Then a sudden thought struck me and I cried, "Oh, why didn't

they make me class-treasurer or financial manager of the Year Book or even make me storekeeper for the Quarterly? Then I, too, would have known how to climb in the financial world."

But I did not remain in awe of the dignified president for very long, I can assure you, and I was soon overwhelming her with questions.

"My dear, I'm not a Bureau of Information," answered Betty, "but you must know about Sue. She's down South teaching—"

"Teaching?" I repeated.

"Why, yes, but not the common, every day, ordinary teaching. You see, she has a sort of new method school for pickaninnies only. She is making a great success of it and is regarded as one of the coming educators in the South."

"Three cheers for Sue! How about Mary Clarey?"

Betty smiled. "Perhaps you have heard of the new find of the Manager of the Metropolitan Opera House. Her stage name is 'Mme. Rossignol,' but she is none other than Mary Clarey. She has developed a wonderful voice, but they say that if it hadn't been for the start given her by Miss Kelly, her talent would never have been discovered.

"As for Margarita de Tova, if you were to go up Park Avenue to Sixty-eighth Street, you would find your old friend there, teacher of Economics and Sociology. They say that the interest in her classes is so great that the pupils never hear the dismissal bell and frequently cut other classes to spend an extra hour with her. I have heard that her great success lies in the fact of her possessing such a logical mind, a great help in teaching those subjects, I believe."

"I always knew Margarita would be famous in those subjects," I replied. "Now, Betty, tell me some more."

But Betty refused. "No, my dear, you go next door and there, in a room to your left as you enter, you will find out a few things for yourself. But wait, here is a little gift I want to give you." She handed me a book, "To Smile or not to Smile. The Views of a Confirmed Optimist." "Can you guess who the author is? Catherine Connolly! That is the sixth edition of the book," said Betty. "It has had tremendous success and now no home is complete without it."

"Just like a piano," I murmured. "But I'll bet it's one of the six best sellers. And now, Miss President, I don't suppose that I dare keep you any longer."

"No, I'm afraid not. I have to see some men who want advertisements from us. They are such bores. I don't believe it's worth while to give them any. But don't forget next door."

I obediently went next door and turned into the room to the left. But what could Betty have meant? This was

a court room. I glanced curiously at the judge, and then hastened forward. I surely was discovering a few things, for who do you think that judge was? Rosamond Rawlins! I had heard that she had made a great success at law, having been greatly assisted by a famous Philadelphia lawyer. And then, knowing her great fairness of mind, and the justice of her decisions, I was not at all surprised to see her in the Judge's chair. The case to be tried was the question of Woman's Suffrage, the plaintiff, Mrs. X. nee Hafey, declaring that the defendant, a noted leader in the Suffrage movement, Florence Cocheu by name, had influenced Mrs. X's views on the subject. The lawyer for the defense was Muriel Mendes, and her many arguments and objections recalled some of our oldtime discussions. Here, indeed, as Betty said, were some things to be noted, two lawyers in the class and one leader in the Suffrage movement. We were, above all, not lacking in variety, I thought, when I remembered my earlier experience in Blissville. Nor was I astonished when I learned that Nora was a resident of that happy place.

By this time, as it was getting late, I had to leave before hearing the outcome of the case. On my way home I was thinking over the various adventures of the day, and wishing there were more to come, when a voice at my shoulder said, "Pardon me, aren't you—"

"Why, Dot Brosmith," I interrupted. "of all people!"

"Not Brosmith now," Dot corrected, "we're on our Honeymoon. You see he was a doctor in the hospital in Philadelphia."

"You in a hospital?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, didn't you know. I went for a course in trained-nursing to a hospital in Germantown. I just finished last month."

"That's not a bad idea. Are there any more doctors left?" I inquired.

"Have you heard from any of the girls?" was the irrelevant answer.

"Yes, but you must first tell me. Aren't there any nuns in the class?"

"Only one," said Dot, "Grace Cashman."

"Grace Cashman?" I repeated. "Then I'm prepared for the worst. Has Stub gone into Grand Opera?"

"No, not quite. But she is putting the muscle gained in basket-ball to good use. She's a farmer's wife up in Western New York. And to see her churn butter would make your heart glad. But have you heard of Estelle? Of course, I know she is one of whom it was to be expected, but you may be a tiny bit surprised to learn that she is the principal of a Science School and is an authority on Calculus."

MARGUERITE O'KEEFE.



Florence Cochev
1911



VERA M. BABCOCK
(INFANT)

NEW YORK CITY

This lady was of good entayle,
Right wonderful of apparayle;
By hir atyre so bright and shene
Men myght perceyve wel, and sene
She was not of religioun.

—*Chaucer*

I know that she is good. It is the best of signs when women
take to her and are proud to be her friends.—*Meredith*

MARY C. BROSMITH
(POLLY)

HARTFORD, CONN.

All hir entente
For to be honourable and free.

—*Chaucer*

But she would have us away with sentimentalism. Sentimental
people, in her phrase, "fiddle harmonics on the strings of sensu-
alism" to the delight of a world gaping for marvels of musical
execution rather than for music.—*Meredith*





DOROTHY BROSMITH
(DOT)

HARTFORD, CONN.

I durste swere, thogh the pope hit songe,
That ther was never through hir tonge
Man ne woman gretly harmed.—*Chaucer*

All her mind is like her face. She is pure gold.—*Meredith*

ELIZABETH BURR
(BETTY)

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

And reson gladly she understood,
Hit folowed wel she coude good.
She used gladly to do wel;
These were hir maners every-del.

—*Chaucer*

She was delightful to hear, delightful to see and her friends
loved her and had faith in her.—*Meredith*





GRACE LORETTO CASHMAN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Ful debonaire of herte was she,
She durste never seyn ne do
But that thing that hir longed to.

—*Chaucer*

She was worth studying. She had ideas and could give ear
to ideas A dainty rogue in porcelain.—*Meredith*

MARY ELIZABETH CLAREY

NEW ROCHELLE, N.Y.

And I dar seyn and swere it wel
That trouthe himself, over al and al
Had chose his maner principal
In hir, that was his resting place.

—*Chaucer*

You have taught me that the ideal of friendship is possible.

—*Meredith*

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FLORENCE A. COCHEU

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Heer may ye seen, what lover so he be,
A woman dar and can as wel as he.—*Chaucer*

She had a woman's inveterate admiration of the profession of arms.
—*Meredith*

CATHERINE M. CONNOLLY
(KITTY)

PORTCHESTER, N. Y.

Fetys she was and smal to see.
—*Chaucer*

None else on earth so sweetly laughed, none so spontaneously,
victoriously provoked the healthful openness. Her delicious
chatter, and her museful sparkle in listening equally quickened
every sense of life.—*Meredith*





MARGARITA DE TOVA

NEW YORK CITY

To speke of goodness; trewly she
Had as much debonairte
As ever had Hester in the Bible
And more, if more were possible.

—*Chaucer*

Her humor was a perennial refreshment; her wit studded the
heavens of the recollection of her.—*Meredith*

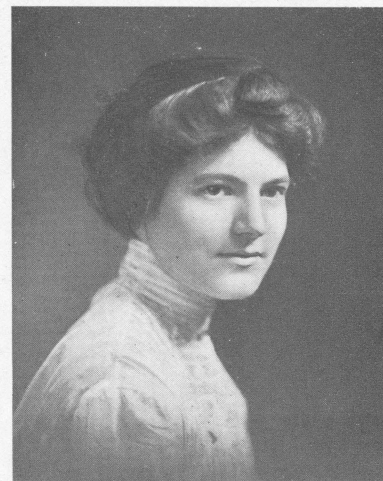
NORA AGNES HAFEY

CHICOPEE, MASS.

It sat hir wonder wel to singe,
Hir vois ful cleer was and ful swete.

—*Chaucer*

With her smile of "very pleasant humour" she could not but
be winning.—*France*





JEANNETTE M. McMANUS
(JENNIE)

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

Therwith hir liste so wel to live
That dulnesse was of hir a-drad.

—*Chaucer*

The dear, the kind, careless, high-hearted old friend.

—*Meredith*

MURIEL A. MENDES

NEW YORK CITY

And whiche eyen my lady hadde!
Debonair, goode, glade and sadde.

—*Chaucer*

She judged for herself, she had read for herself, observed for herself.—*Meredith*





ELLEN MARIE O'DONNELL
(STUB)

ALBION, N. Y.

She stood so wel in every wightes grace.

—*Chaucer*

She was so clearly the life and soul of this little company that her presence alone animated every eye.—*Bourget*

MARGUERITE M. O'KEEFFE
(TOT)

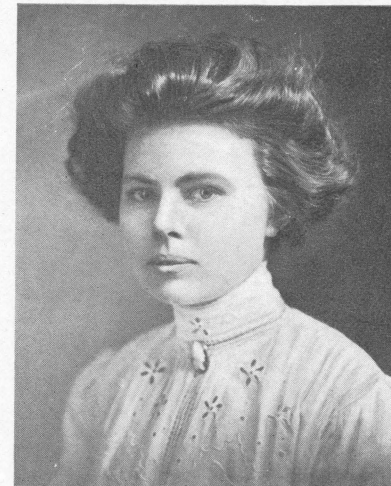
NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

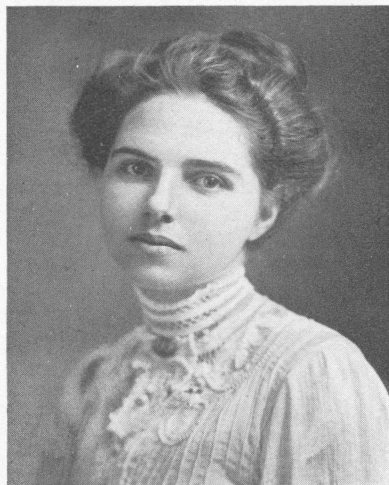
But many one with hir loke she herte,
And that sat hir ful lyte at herte,
For she knew no-thing of hir thoght;
But whether she knew or knew it noght,
Algate she ne roghte of hem a stree!

—*Chaucer*

She could both chat and be useful as well as look ornamental.

—*Meredith*





HELEN C. PATTON

NEW YORK CITY

And whiche a goodly, softe speche,
So frendly, and so wel y-grounded,
Up al resoun so wel y-founded.

—*Chaucer*

She was of the women whose wits are quick in everything they do.

—*Meredith*

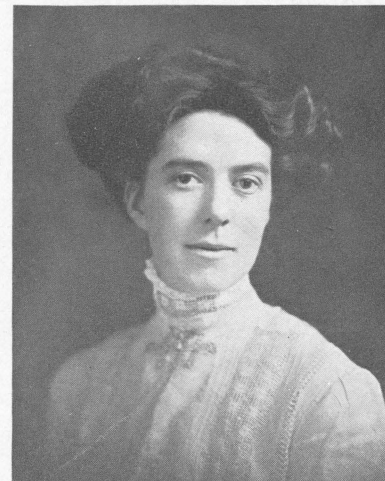
ROSAMOND M. RAWLINS
(ROSIE O'GRADY) (ROLLIE)

PARKSLONE, DORSET, ENGLAND

But this receyveth of your goodlihede,
Thinking that I have caught in remembraunce
Your beauté hool, your stedfast governaunce.

—*Chaucer*

She led superbly.—*Meredith*





ESTELLE L. RYAN
(STELL)

LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

She was not nyce, ne outrageous
But wys and war and vertuous,
Of faire speche and faire answee.

—*Chaucer*

She has golden apples in her apron. She says of life: "When I
fail to cherish it in every fibre, the fires within are waning."

—*Meredith*

SUSAN P. SARGENT
(SUE)

DALLAS, TEXAS

Trewe and siker, curteys, and hend,
And she was called by name a Frend;
A trewer felowe was no-wher noon.

—*Chaucer*

She has the well of enthusiasm.—*Meredith*





MARGARET CECILIA SHANNON

YONKERS, N. Y.

She bar no rancour to no wight.
Of curteys, and of faire manere,
Wel taught, and ful of gentilnesse,
And also of ful high franchyse.

—*Chaucer*

She, who walked softly, spoke softly and had more will than ten
men put together.—*Bazin*

Class of 1911 Picture Gallery

Picture Muriel Mendes with opinions on par,
Picture Nora Hafey getting on without her Ma,
Picture Florence Cocheu arrayed in colors gay,
Picture Catherine Connolly coming early every day,
Picture Betty Burr without her curly hair,
Picture Susan Sargent being anything but "square,"
Picture Polly Brosmith encouraging a "case,"
Picture Rosamond Rawlins sliding home to base,
Picture Vera Babcock flunking everything in school,
Picture Grace Cashman obeying every rule,

Picture Mary Clarey in the depths of black despair,
Picture Margaret Shannon with a know-it-all air,
Picture Dorothy Brosmith acting like a sinner,
Picture Margarita coming early for her dinner,
Picture Estelle Ryan putting on speed,
Picture Jeannette McManus as lanky as a weed,
Picture Stub O'Donnell if at singing she were great,
Picture Helen Patton going home as freight,
Picture Tot O'Keeffe if she grew a foot a night,
But leave us as we are, we're a jolly class all right.

JEANNETTE McMANUS, '11.

The Powers Behind the Parrae

FOR goodness' sake, Clotho, do spin a bit faster," began Lachesis, breathlessly, as she rushed into the room rolling her globe before her and struggling with her bundle of rods. "Here it's the fourth of April and we haven't done a thing on those 'Fates' yet!"

"Can't help it. I've broken my thread again and this light is simply fierce! I can't see a thing. If something isn't done to that lamp before long, I'll, I'll, well, I'll lose my job. That's all," returned Clotho, fumbling with her spindle.

Atropos sat before her desk, chewing the end of her pen with a worried frown.

"Let me see," she muttered, "there are ten, twelve, fourteen, yes, fourteen resident students and two, four day scholars. That's makes eighteen of them altogether, doesn't it?"

"Nineteen. There's that clever little girl from New York, you know—Helen Patton."

"Oh, hurry up and fix that spindle, Clotho, and let Atropos do the counting," broke in Lachesis, "I tell you, I simply cannot wait much longer. Anyway, I'm losing all my rods! I know I dropped three on the stairs and I simply couldn't wait to pick them up. I suppose they'll be in the Pound and it will cost me fifteen cents!"

"Here, I'm ready, if you'll hand over that pesky lamp," grumbled Clotho. Lachesis dropped her rods and took the lamp from the desk.

"That is right! Don't mind me. Of course *I* can work in darkness," drawled Atropos sarcastically as she sat in the shadow.

"Well, I can't help it," snapped Lachesis from behind the lamp, "I'm sure I'm doing my best to satisfy you both."

"Keep still, Lachie, you'd talk in your grave! Put that lamp here," broke in Clotho spinning frantically.

"There's Rosamond Rawlins; what have you for her? And hurry up about it! If I must work in the dark, I'm not going to ruin my eyes any sooner than I have to," demanded Atropos, poising her pen dramatically and seizing her book.

"Haven't started on her thread yet. What have you for her, Lachie?" asked Clotho.

"Oh, she's got a good long rod. Leave her and take one of the others first. How about that good-natured one, Margarita de Tova?"

"That's the thread I broke, I'll fix it later. Try the Brosmith sisters."

"Those are two of the rods I lost."

"Well, if neither of you intends to do anything, just say so and I'll go over to the library and read 'Pepys'," broke in Atropos. "Have you decided on Estelle Ryan?"

"Not yet," answered Clotho.

"Sue Sargent?"

"Leave the Quarterly girls, Atropos, they are sure to be all right," said Lachesis.

"I'll take anyone you say, only do, for Heaven's sake, say someone," returned Atropos angrily, "it seems to me that you're leaving *everyone* to the end."

"Here's Betty Burr all finished," gasped Clotho, pulling out a long thread and passing it over.

"Thank goodness! How about you Lachie?"

Lachesis began to search all over the globe.

"Betty Burr, Betty—here it is! No—that's the place I spilled ink on my globe and it's all so mussed up I can't read a thing. I'll have to clean it. Try Vera Babcock or Catherine Connolly!"

"If you must let anyone go to the end, let it be the Advisory Board. How about Stub O'Donnell or Margaret Shannon?"

"Here you are, here you are—six long threads," cried Clotho, grabbing a handful of tangled threads half spun.

"A nice-looking mess, I'm sure," said Atropos disgustedly. "Whose are they?"

"Can't you read?" snapped Clotho.

"Not when you take the only light in the place," returned the "inflexible one," vainly striving to disentangle the mix, "Muriel Mendes, Florence Cocheu, Marguerite O'Keeffe, and I'm sure I can't make out the other three."

"They're Mary Clarey and Grace Cashman and Jennie McManus, as plain as daylight," began Clotho in an injured tone, when Lachesis, who had bending over her globe during the fray, burst out—

"Here's Nora Hafey and in just one second I'll have the others! Where's the Dutch Cleanser?"

Lachesis jumped up quite suddenly and, in doing so, knocked over the lamp.

"There, now you've done it," screamed Clotho, snatching up the spindle as the oil spread over the floor about her feet. Lachesis stood still, horror-stricken.

"Oh, you're a great one, Lachesis," growled Atropos in the darkness, "Trust *you* to do something foolish. Now what are we going to do?"

The three moved about, getting in each others' way as much as possible, Clotho with her spindle tucked under her arm, Lachesis prodding her sisters with her bundle of rods and rolling her globe aimlessly about.

"A pretty kettle of fish, I call it, and all your fault, Lachie," declared Clotho, bitterly.

"Not at all, my dear," avowed the undaunted Lachesis, "on the contrary all yours! You insisted upon having that horrid lamp moved in the first place. The proper sphere for a lamp is——"

"Ouch, do keep still, you've rolled that beastly globe on my toes," groaned Atropos.

"I'd like to know who bought the old lamp with its miserable light and horrid shaky base, anyway," said Clotho glancing maliciously toward Atropos.

"Well, I'm sure quarreling won't help matters," broke in Lachesis again, "we'll get in no end of a row as it is! Look at the floor, or rather imagine it, since you can't see it. I dare say we'll all be campused!"

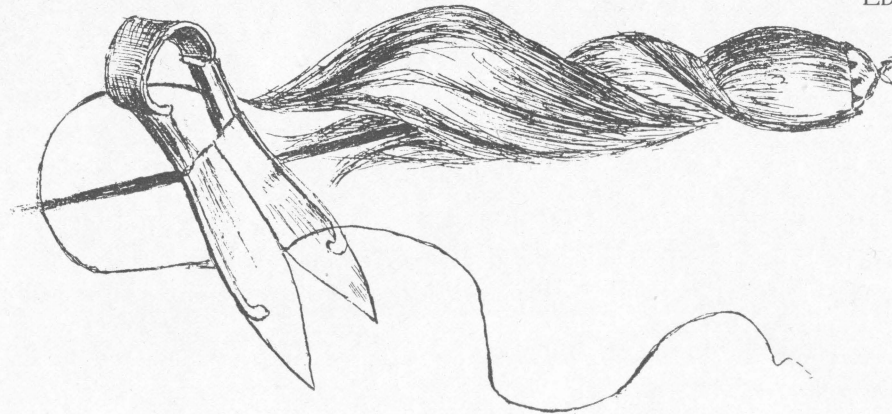
"It will be nothing less than suspension this time and I—oh, dear!" sobbed Clotho; "Lachie, you know I couldn't pass qualifying exams," she continued fiercely.

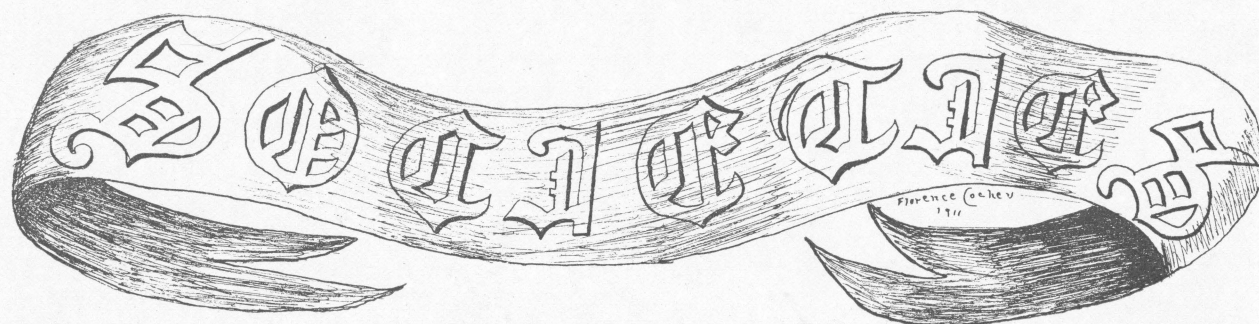
"Oh, cheer up, girls. Here's a plan!" cried Atropos, "I'll write down in large letters against the whole class 'Health, Wealth, Happiness' and we'll hand it in for the lot!"

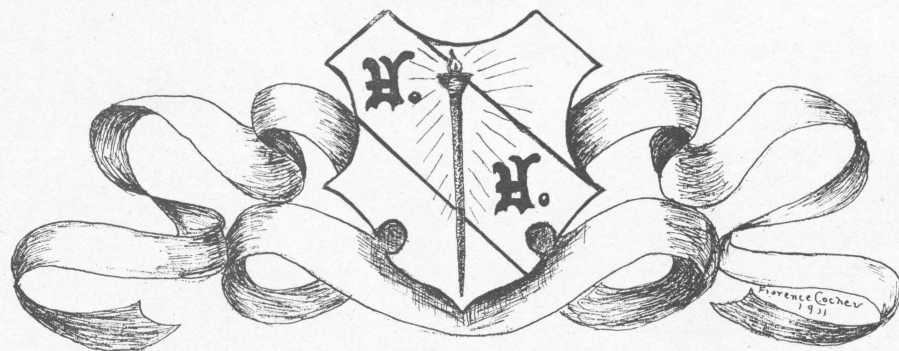
"Great, simply great," declared Clotho and Lachesis as they rushed over to Dinner late again.

Atropos kept her word and that's why it is "Health, Wealth and Happiness" to everyone in dear 1911.

EDITH LEEMING, '13.









THE ALPHA-ALPHA SOCIETY

History of the Alpha-Alpha Society

THE Alpha-Alpha is the first Greek Letter Society in the College. It was established in the autumn of 1907 by our Professor of Philosophy, Rev. Patrick A. Halpin, Ph.D., who has been, ever since its founding, the Moderator of the Society. The year before, the first Philosophy class was formed, the College being then but two years old. The College building was not then in existence, and classes met in the Castle, Father Halpin holding his classes in the sacristy of the Chapel or in his own library. Here begins the history of our Society. At that time only two hours a week were devoted to Philosophy. Seeing the necessity for a more extended time and none being available in the regular school schedule, Father Halpin decided to organize a society in which philosophical matters could be discussed at more length than in the ordinary class. So on the 21st of October, 1907, the Senior and Junior Classes met in the old library in the Castle and the Alpha-Alpha Society was formed. Father Halpin suggested the name of which Alpha-Alpha are the initials. This name and its meaning is the Society secret. At this meeting the election of officers was held, and Miss Elizabeth O'Farrell of the '08 Senior Class was chosen as the first President. A committee with Miss Mary Curran as chairman was appointed to draw up the Constitution; and Rev. Mother Augustine was made an honorary member of the society. According to this Constitution, "the object of the Society being to foster interest in Mental Philosophy, the Society's activity extends to all Mental Philosophy, whether encountered in class-room work, history or current discussion."

The next year, at the first regular meeting, Miss Catharine Dacey, '09, was elected to fill the President's chair left vacant by the graduation of Miss O'Farrell, '08. This year the Circle was introduced into the Society with very good results. This year, also, Mother Ignatius, Mistress of Studies, was made an honorary member of the Society.

Miss Marie L. Johnston, '10, was the next to hold the Presidency of the Society, 1909-10, and was followed this year by Miss Florence A. Cocheu, '11. The other officers for this year are Miss Dorothy Brosmith, '11; Miss Catharine Loftus, '12, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Helen Kountz, '12, Recording Secretary; Miss Vida Curren, '12, and Miss Agnes O'Reilly, '12, Treasurer.

The Society has had four good, prosperous years, during which many pleasant hours have been spent to the best possible advantage under the direction of our wise Moderator. May the Alpha-Alpha live long to fulfill the promise of its brilliant youth, and maintain its honored place among the societies of the College.

The Children of Mary



List of Officers for 1910-1911

<i>President</i>	DOROTHY BROSMITH '11	<i>First Senior Counsellor</i>	SUSAN SARGENT '11
<i>Vice-President</i>	JULIA SULLIVAN '12	<i>Second Senior Counsellor</i>	ELLEN O'DONNELL '11
<i>Secretary</i>	MARY BROSMITH '11	<i>First Junior Counsellor</i>	MARY SMITH '12
<i>Treasurer</i>	CATHERINE LOFTUS '12	<i>Second Junior Counsellor</i>	HELEN KOUNTZ '12
<i>Oratorian</i>	AGNES O'REILLY '12	<i>First Sophomore Counsellor</i>	ANNA CODY '13
<i>Mistress of Ceremonies</i>	EDITH LEEMING '13	<i>Second Sophomore Counsellor</i>	FRANCES SPAULDING '13

THE Sodality of the Children of Mary was organized and affiliated with the Sodality at Rome, when the College was celebrating its first anniversary in 1905. Rev. Thomas McLaughlin, pastor of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, was appointed by His Grace the Archbishop, as director. Mother Seraphine was its first moderator and the Alumnae of 1908 had the honor of being its first members. From then on we hear little of the Sodality, only these two facts have been handed down to us; that Anna McLaughlin, now Sister Cephas, was the first president and that it was customary to have four counsellors to assist the president and the other officers.

In October of our Freshman year, Reverend Mother Augustine reorganized the Sodality. A constitution was then drawn up, and the elections were held. Irene Jennings was elected president. At this meeting it was also decided that each year, on the feast of the Annunciation, a sacred concert should be given by the Sodality; and the feast of the Immaculate Conception should be celebrated by a reception of the new members. Our class was the first to offer aspirants, and now, on the eighth of December, Estelle Ryan, and our present president, Dorothy Brosmith, were received into the Society.

We continued to hold our monthly meetings throughout the year, and in the following October, with Mother de Sales as our new moderator, the new elections took place. Dorothy Brosmith was elected president and Louise Gallivan, vice-president.

All this time we had been duly impressed with the importance of becoming a sodalist.

The Sodality was steadily growing and it soon hoped to lead the other societies in the number of its members and the work it was to accomplish. Shortly after Dorothy Brosmith was elected, she suggested that the Sodality give a gold cross to each student who, during her four years, should fulfill certain requirements which the Sodality decided upon. This was voted upon, accepted, and has now become an established custom.

The following December the first large reception was held. The day began with high Mass in our College Chapel, followed by the reception of the new members; nearly the whole Freshman class was enrolled. Then came the crowning of the Blessed Virgin by the President. Reverend Father Halpin, in his address to the Sodalists, said: "Our Lady must needs have looked down enraptured on such a sight."

Another new interest was added to the Sodality after Miss Brosmith's election. This was a Sodality day, a day set apart in the midst of Graduation week for a celebration by the Sodalists. On this day the Society unites in its effort to entertain the Senior members, and, although it brings us nearer the end of our College course, we cannot help looking forward to it with the greatest expectation.

At our elections in 1909 the Sodality, by a unanimous vote, re-elected Dorothy Brosmith to the presidency for the remaining years of her College course. Louise Gallivan was also re-elected vice-president. This year was a most successful one for the Sodality and the list of members numbered over sixty.

The celebrations held December 8, 1910, were even more imposing than those of 1909, and a larger number of new members was enrolled.

MARY BROSMITH, '11.

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The Advisory Board

ETHEL JETTINGHOFF
CATHERINE CONNELLY

MAY KENNY, *Secretary*
VERA BABCOCK, *Treas.*

MARY SIMPSON
ROSAMOND M. RAWLINS, *Pres.*

AGNES MURPHY
SUSAN P. SARGENT, *Vice-Pres.*

HELEN KOUNTZ

The Advisory Board

IT was in October, 1909, that the Faculty itself suggested to the student-body the establishment of an Advisory Board. The proposed organization was to be made up of the two nuns,—the Mistress of Discipline and her assistant,—and six girls, two from each of the upper classes. The object, as our constitution states, was “to represent the students in the government of the College, and to further in every way the interests of the students.” The idea was new, its success doubtful, but the girls took it up with ardor, elected representatives from their respective classes, and, before we exactly realized the situation, we charter members were grouped around the table in the little library, holding the first solemn meeting of the Advisory Board.

There were just eight—Mother de Sales and Mother Loyola, Mabel Jettinghoff and Rose McLoughlin from the Senior, Sue Sargent and Rosamond Rawlins from the Junior, and Agnes Murphy and Helen Kountz from the Sophomore class. Of course Mabel presided, in virtue of her position as President of the Student body. Everyone was fairly bubbling over with schemes for the better government of the College, and for reforms in every direction. I think the nuns experienced a shock of surprise at the enthusiasm and vehemence of the secular members. Having first elected our officers, we planned and discussed and argued until time for the Castle lights to go out, when we adjourned till the next night.

That initial meeting was typical of many subsequent ones. Lengthy sessions, subject to call at any time, were the order for the next few weeks. Our heated discussions touched on everything that had ever happened at St. Angela's and there were tense moments when nothing but one of Susie's solemn, unexpected ejaculations to Holy Patricia or some other mighty saint, saved the situation by causing a general laugh. Rose, who was secretary, took voluminous notes of all our proceedings.

Meantime the whole college was agog with curiosity as to just what those proceedings involved. All sorts of ridiculous, fabled rumors reached our ears. The general attitude toward the Advisory Board was skeptical. But the girls soon found out that the Board meant business, and at the reading of our first regulations many eyes were opened wider, and many doubting Thomases were effectually silenced. The Advisory Board began to stand for something worth while in College.

We went on working meanwhile, meeting now at specified times, and, at Mabel's suggestion, limiting the sessions to one hour—from four to five. Our business-like President always had an engagement at five, somehow!

But we had learned to conduct matters quickly, so we lost nothing by our shortened hours. Reforms were inaugurated, privileges were obtained.

"What reforms and what privileges?" I hear a skeptic ask. Well, dear skeptic, for your sake I shall enumerate a few.

The Board was given charge of chapel attendance, and talking on line was stopped. The expenses of entertainments and athletic meets were regulated and lessened. Hazing was abolished. Scholarship-requirements for holding class office and playing on basket-ball teams were settled. Many minor abuses, which the girls could see more easily than the Faculty, were rooted out, it is hoped, once and for all.

This year the Board was enlarged. With the exception of the Seniors who left us in June, 1910, the charter-members still hold their positions, with Miss Rawlins, '11, as the capable President. In addition, the membership includes Mother Ignatius, Mistress of Studies, Catherine Connolly, '11, the day-scholars' representative, Vera Babcock, '11, Mary Simpson, '12, May Kenney, '13, and Ethel Jettinghoff, '13. With the increase in members and responsibility, came the question of self-government. Just what should be the duties and requirements of members? For, as Margarita once sagely declared, "The best have fallen!" So we drew up a constitution. This formal document settled many disputed questions, among which was that of official succession, in the absence of both President and Vice-president. Such a difficulty had presented itself when Rosamond and Sue, who always act together on the Advisory Board, took it upon themselves to become ill together. Inconsiderate at it seems, they deserted us for a month and the Board wandered around headless, until the drawing up of the Constitution settled the question by proclaiming the third Senior member the lawful president in such cases. Miss Babcock then held the reins of government, until our officers came back—which, of course, they did together.

The Faculty is gradually placing more and more responsibility in the hands of the Board. The presiding at mid-year and final examinations now rests entirely with the Advisory Board. Another recent innovation is the establishment of a "pound" for lost and found articles. Since the unlucky loser can redeem nothing, not even a college-cap or a History of Western Europe, unless she pays out five cents to the inexorable poundkeeper, the number of lost, strayed or stolen articles has been considerably diminished.

As to privileges—who induced the Faculty to prolong the Christmas vacation by two whole days? Who obtained the dispensation from hated white gloves on many "cap and gown" occasions? Who is the tender mediator between culprit and Faculty? Who instituted the wearing of Varsity letters and Class Numerals for Athletics? The Advisory Board,—the Board which you wanted, which you established,—the Board which has become an integral part of your College government, "of the students, by the students, and for the students."



The Dramatic Society

Officers

<i>President</i>	ESTELLE L. RYAN '11
<i>Secretary</i>	ELNOR BRADY '13
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARY SIMPSON '12
<i>Mistress of Wardrobe</i>	ETHEL JETTINGHOFF '13
<i>Property Manager</i>	EDITH LEEMING '13
<i>Musical Director</i>	MARIE LEAHY '12
<i>Press Agent</i>	ELLEN O'DONNELL '11

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY had its beginning in 1906 under Mary Conklin, '09, as president. It was a timid Society at first; and falteringly, lest it should seem presumptuous, it put forth its untried ability in Tennyson's "Princess." We still have the picture of those demure young ladies in caps and gowns. Be happy, ladies. It is to you, our charter members, that the Society owes its present strength and success.

In the following year, with Miss Conklin re-elected as president, the Society jumped from Tennyson to Shakespeare, and with a brave front in June produced "As You Like It."

You played a saucy Rosalind, Hilda, to Mary's impetuous Orlando! Oh, William, with the carrotty locks and round, popping eyes, who to-day would recognize you in a dignified society matron? And what a marvelously villainous elder brother you were, Mabel!

We, in the audience, who were to be Freshmen in the Fall, sat and marvelled, and in our heart of hearts resolved to emulate you in the future,—if we got the chance.

We came in 1907 all eager to be admitted as members. Hilda Thackeray was president then, and kindly and wisely she drew us aside, before we went up for examination, and told us "keep your voices down and choose something simple." Oh, awful ordeal of speaking pieces before a selected committee! Only four of us survived, qualified to begin our career of immortal laurel-winning—Ellen O'Donnell, Cecil Loughlin, Estelle Ryan and Mary Brosmith. In February, Grace Weber was admitted. And that June we made our first appearances in "Twelfth

Night." What a lovely twin you made, Genevieve Thackeray! We discovered you just in time to play Sebastien, and you had such pretty tight curls there was no need to hire a wig. Polly had one immortal line, "Will you go hunt, my Lord?" And do you remember how she rendered it? Estelle Ryan, '11, was Sir Toby, Rose McLoughlin '10, Maria, and Catherine Lynch, '10, Sir Andrew, characters destined to become, from much rehearsing and repetition, as second nature to the players—alas!

Then came the mid-winter play for 1909. It was once more "As You Like It." Indeed that play was tried and trusty ground and so we resolved to leave the sheltering protection of the Campus and the Gym. and sally forth into New York. But we were at our wit's end; for, in the meantime, there had been a graduation and the outgoing class had left a woeful gap in our numbers. Molly McDonnell, '08, had been a perfect "Jacques" and we looked about in despair for some one to fill her place. But we looked in vain, and the history of our endeavors seemed drawing to a swift and sure end. So, in despair, we asked Molly to come back and play the part again. Her coming saved the day and the first New York play (given at the Waldorf-Astoria) was a success.

That year, for our Campus play, we chose a Greek Drama and no less a one than Racine's "Iphigenia." Mary Simpson, '12, as Iphigenia, succumbed sweetly to the will of the gods. Cecil Loughlin, '11, was a fiery and dauntless Achilles, Ellen O'Donnell, '11, a mighty Ulysses of subtle intellect. Mary O'Brien, '10, made a gentle Doris and smiled herself into the hearts of her audience. And, oh never-to-be-forgotten youths in shining helmets and with heavy two-edged swords, who appeared at the critical moment from behind the lilac bushes, and added by your majestic presence, standing there, the last touch of lustre to the performance!

The following February, 1910, with Rose McLoughlin as president, we made the mid-year play an assured fact by again producing "Twelfth Night" at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. Elnor Brady, '13, was Viola, Beatrice Warren, '13, Duke Orsino, and Edith Leeming, '13, Malvolio. A splendid showing for your class, O Sophomores! Estelle Ryan, '11, was again Sir Toby, Rose McLoughlin once more was Maria and Mary Keating, '13, Sir Andrew. Sir Toby and Maria, you should copyright your parts so that in the history of the College no one may desecrate them in the future. Ellen O'Donnell was the brawny Antonio, befriending Clara Kent, '13, as Sebastien. You make such an excellent man, Ellen!

In 1908, with Mary Conklin as president, the Society adopted a constitution. Mother Augustine was our gracious Moderator then, and she patiently sat and listened while we discussed and revised the Constitution carefully and deliberately, holding sessions long after Recreation in the old Library. The Library must miss us. No one ever

lines the walls in a semi-circle nowadays. And no one comes in best bib and tucker to discuss Ibsen there, as we used to with Miss Bush. The desk upon which the president was wont to rap so haughtily has been repolished and recovered, and we, who ate our ice-cream sitting so demurely about in constrained silence, have been forced to seek shelter elsewhere in the Gym.

There we meet twice a month now under new laws, for at the beginning of the year the old Society was dissolved and a new one formed, subject to a new constitution with Mother de Sales as Moderator, Mrs. Davis as Director and Estelle Ryan as president. To the two principal plays of the year,—the mid-year play given in New York and the June play given on the Campus,—we have added two others,—one to be given before Christmas and the other to be given after Easter.

The conditions for entrance into the Society we have made very simple. We accept all Freshmen who apply and who show a desire for work, upon a month's probation. And, oh, how we do work, and work and work!

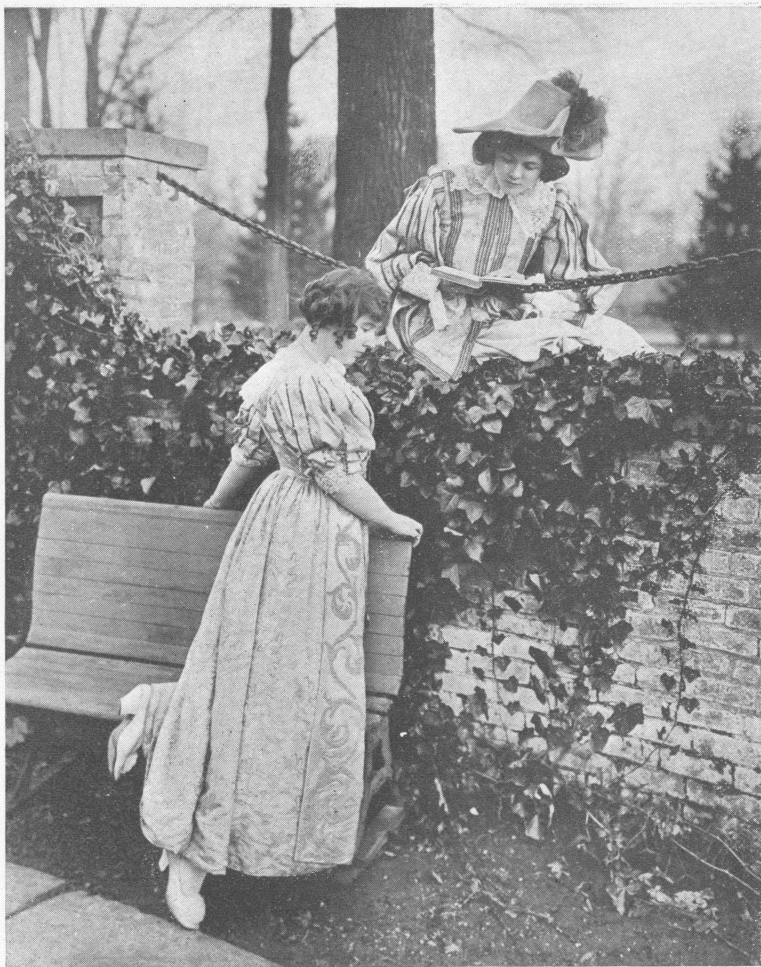
"Dear me!" said a Freshman, tramping home one night from rehearsal in the snow, "an actress must have a hard time of it."

We are determined, too, that the Society shall contribute something to the social side of College life. It was always May D'Arcy, you remember, who insisted upon the ice-cream and the cake; and so once a year we shall invite our friends of the College to waltz and two-step and partake of a slight repast. It behooves a society to be broad-minded and feed the body as well as the mind.

What we have accomplished this year was made possible only by the work that went before us and smoothed our way. You are our torch-light in Dramatics, Mary Conklin, and may we grow to great things through the memory of your smiling eyes.

The mid-year play, "Much Ado About Nothing", given at Carnegie Lyceum under our direction with Mrs. Estelle Davis as coach, was a splendid success. The cast of characters was as follows:

Don Pedro, Miss Toohey; *Don John*, Miss Brady; *Claudio*, Miss Simpson; *Benedick*, Miss Ryan; *Leonato*, Miss Sullivan; *Antonio*, Miss McLeod; *Balthaza*, Miss Spaulding; *Borachio*, Miss Langdon; *Conrade*, Miss Monahan; *Dogberry*, Miss Leeming; *Verges*, Miss Cody; *Friar Francis*, Miss Kountz; *Sexton*, Miss Mahoney; *Messenger*, Miss O'Brien; *Hero*, Miss Jettinghoff; *Beatrice*, Miss Warren; *Margaret*, Miss Dering; *Ursula*, Miss Kenny; Lords, Ladies, Watchmen and Attendants.



"Sylvia, your heart is like a little bird,
That flutters from her nest if leaves but stir."

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The Fantastics

ONE of the prettiest features of Commencement week was revived this year in the form of the campus play. Rostand's "Fantastics" is ideally suited to outdoor presentation, and no more appropriate setting could be desired than the natural stage to the right of the Castle, with the ivy-covered Castle itself posing as a French chateau in the background.

The story of "The Fantastics" is a quaint and charming one, of two fathers who live on adjoining estates with a wall between, and who scheme and plot to have their respective son and daughter fall in love, so that the families may be united, and the wall come down. By affecting bitter enmity, and strictly forbidding any intercourse between their children, the two old friends accomplish their end. Percinet and Sylvette, imagining themselves a second Romeo and Juliet, fall innocently into the trap and after Percinet has gallantly rescued his love from the villains who were about to kidnap her—according to a prearranged plan of the fathers—the stern parents submit to the inevitable and the wedding-day is set. But now "life's little ironies" creep in. Somehow, after the wall is taken away, the two old friends are not so happy as they had expected to be. Pasquin wants the lawns watered sparingly; Bergamin insists that they be well sprinkled. Numerous other disagreements arise, and to make matters worse, the lovers discover the deception that has been practiced upon them. Their ardor cools amazingly. The efforts of Straforel, the bravo who conducted the kidnapping, to bring the offended chil-



"PERMIT ME, SIR? MY LITTLE BILL"

The cast of characters was as follows:

Percinet, a lover.....MISS RYAN
Straforel, a bravo.....MISS TOOHEY
Bergamin, father to Percinet.....MISS KOUNTZ

Pasquin, father to Sylvette.....MISS MCLEOD
Blaise, a gardener.....MISS SULLIVAN
Sylvette, in love with Percinet....MISS SIMPSON

Bravos, musicians, negroes, torch-bearers, a notary, wedding-guests, etc.

dren together, in order that the irate fathers may pay the bill for "one kidnapping, to bring betrothal on," and the ensuing difficulties, all make an amusing situation which finally comes to an old-fashioned, happy denouement.

Straforel, as portrayed by Miss Toohey, was a most dashing and villainous bravo. Of Miss Ryan, as a dreamy, love-sick youth, with yet a tinge of his father's fiery temper, we are tempted to say, with Sylvette:

"Oh, yes, I too have found your
 Shakespeare fine.
 Only - his verse is finer, Percinet,
 When your recite it - for - you
 have a way -."

Miss Simpson, in a role quite new to her, that of the coy, sweet maiden, made a charming Sylvette. Miss McLeod and Miss Kountz did some good character-work.





THE GLEE CLUB

Glee and Mandolin Clubs

<i>President</i>	ELLEN MARIE O'DONNELL '11
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARIE ELLIS LEAHY '12
<i>Secretary</i>	FLORENCE COCHEU '11
<i>Treasurer</i>	ETHEL M. JETTINGHOFF '13

Two years ago the institution of a Glee Club was hailed with delight by the students. The college roll-call was small in those days and anyone who possessed the ability to carry a tune, "joined in the chorus." Miss Louise Gallivan, '10, was elected as the first president. And some very creditable programmes were rendered during that first year.

In the fall of 1910, the Society, firmly established, began its work in earnest. The college had increased in numbers and it was deemed prudent to separate the cockle from the wheat in the matter of voices. A notice, placed on the bulletin board, called for applicants for the club. Those who did not possess tuneful voices, and their number included a few Seniors, very wisely remained at home. The others bravely made their applications.

An innovation was made in regard to the Freshmen, when a committee of judges examined the aspirants. The ordeal was, after all, simple. A weak and trembling Freshman advanced slowly into the chamber of torture where one of the committee in a kindly, patronizing tone asked her to sing some simple air from memory. Haunting echoes of those attempts at song still linger around the gymnasium walls.

Seriously speaking, the college is deservedly proud of her Glee Club. Faithful attendance at rehearsals and a desire to work for Alma Mater have made the Glee Club's rendition of its various programmes a thing of value.

Our Mandolin Club, while connected with the Glee Club, has a separate organization and a distinct interest of its own. This year it celebrates its second anniversary. In the fall of the year 1909 about fifteen girls gathered mandolins, guitars, and violins together and started to work. You, who are loyal members of the Club, can recall your state of mind when our "Hawthorn Two-step" and the "Espagnol" met with ridicule on the Campus. But time works wonders.



THE MANDOLIN CLUB

The Faculty set apart an evening during Commencement Week which was to be known as Glee Club Night. The following verses, quoted from the Quarterly, state briefly the general sentiment concerning the Mandolin Club of 1909-1910:

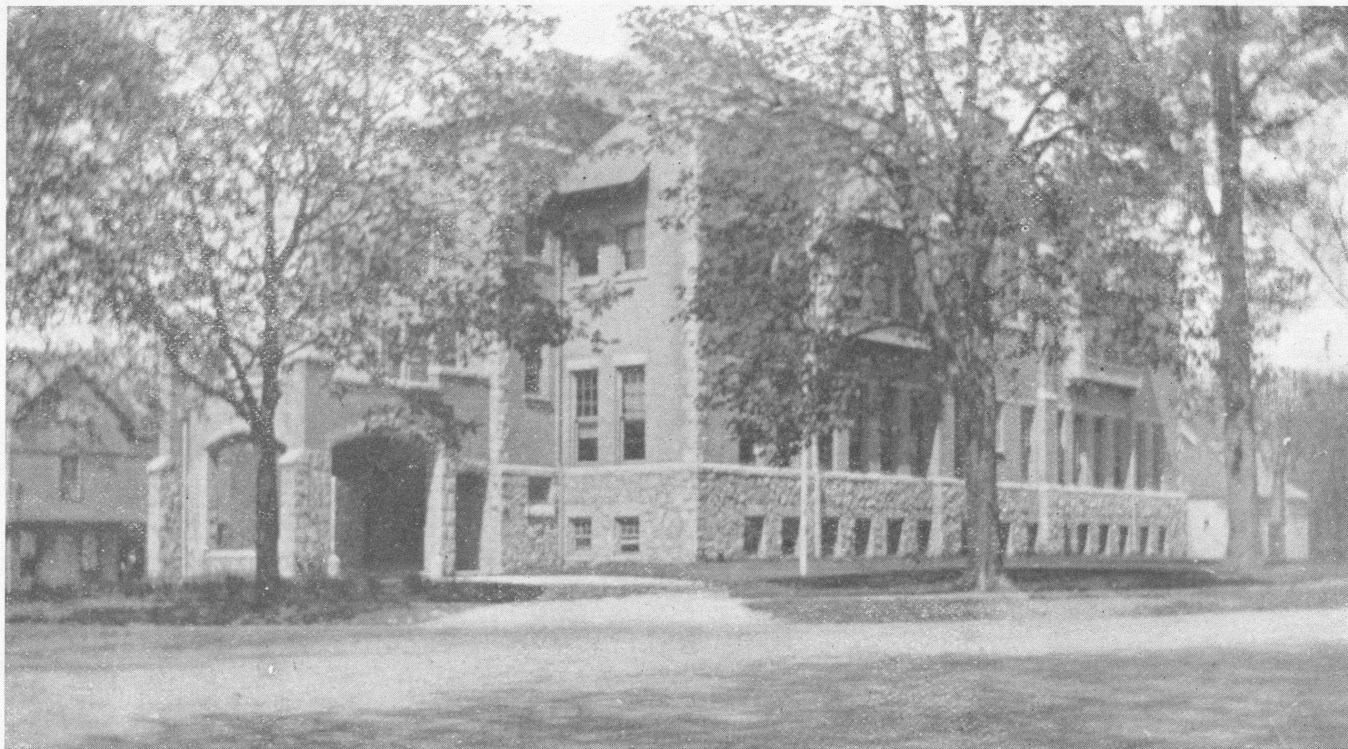
September

Mandolins and violins!
Pianos and guitars!
Strangling strains and soulful sounds
Float all night about the grounds;
When our Glee Club is rehearsing,
All the rest their ears are nursing.

April

Mandolins and violins!
Pianos and guitars!
Hidden genius come to light,
Plus practice every Sunday night,
Has worked such wonders in their playing
That classic tunes with ease they're flaying.

Our second year has been a most prosperous and happy one. Many recruits have joined our ranks, new instruments have been added to our orchestra and we are now considered of some importance in College life. In days to come we shall hear strains of the Spring Song, and our thoughts will turn again to the Mandolin Club and its concords, and discords.



THE GYMNASIUM

ATHLETICS





SOPHOMORE BASKET-BALL TEAM



FRESHMAN BASKET-BALL TEAM

Athletic Association

Officers

<i>President</i>	SUSAN P. SARGENT '11
<i>Vice President</i>	VERA M. BABCOCK '11
<i>Secretary</i>	ELLEN M. O'DONNELL '11
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARGUERITE TAIT '12

WITH this Commencement the last of the four Charter Classes says "farewell" to Alma Mater.

We Seniors have seen great changes—changes that make us proud to be New Rochelle's daughters. Still, in spite of this pride, there lurks in the heart of every one of us a love for the "old days."

1910 saw more of them than we did, and it was in their Freshman year that the organization of the Athletic Association took place. Before their time, 1908 and 1909 had had their teams, and even a Field Day, but it remained for 1910 to put the Athletic Association on a "College-like" basis. 1910 proposed it to the other classes. It was such a splendid idea that it was immediately taken up. So one day the three classes met and elected Miss Marion Hennesey President.

The dues were agreed upon and everyone thought that the new Athletic Association was safely launched. Not having much use for the dues, a "spread" was given by the Association to its members; and when hockey-sticks, basketballs and so forth were needed, the guileless treasurer had the bills sent to the College. Whereupon the Association came to an ignominious end. Mother Augustine disbanded it on account of unpaid bills!

The next year Miss Hennesey continued in office and determined to live down the past. The members of the old Association met together with those of 1911 who wished to join the new Association. Every name of 1911 went in; so the new Association numbered about forty. A committee was appointed, with Miss Lynch, '10, as chairman, to draw up a constitution. After numerous consultations of Cushing's "Manual of Parliamentary Law" and hours spent in arguing, the Committee presented the Association with a written constitution. Then began the Association as it is to-day.

In the third year of the Association, Miss Conklin, '09, was elected President. Last year Miss Jettinghoff was



VARSITY BASKET-BALL TEAM



1912_BASKET-BALL TEAM

President for a short time. Owing to the fact that she was also President of the Student Body, she was unable to spare the time for Athletics, and so she resigned. Miss Babcock succeeded her.

At the election of officers for the year 1911, Miss Sargent, '11, was chosen President, Miss Babcock, '11, Vice-president, Miss O'Donnell, '11, Secretary, and Miss Tait, '12, Treasurer.

During this last year 1911 did one grand thing for College Athletics, and that was to suggest to the Advisory Board the institution of College letters and class numerals. The proposition was immediately welcomed and, in consequence, Miss Rawlins, '11, Miss O'Donnell, '11, Miss Burr, '11, Miss Babcock, '11, Miss Sargent, '11, Miss Tait, '12, and Miss Toohey, '12, are the first proud wearers of the "N.R."

Junior Class Team

The Fates seem to have watched over the team of 1912, for under the captaincy of Marie E. Leahy, it went through Freshman and Sophomore years undefeated, a record not yet held by any team in the College. Its first victory was with the class of 1911, with a score of 12-11. Last year with 1913 it won, with a score of 15-6, the Inter-Class Cup and the Athletic Association's Championship Cup of the College. The members of the team are Marie E. Leahy, Ethel Beechinor, Vida Curren, Mary Simpson, Marguerite I. Tait and Hazel S. Toohey.



1911 BASKET BALL TEAM

Athletics of the Class of 1911

1911 is a wonderful class. There is no doubt about it. And when some one begins to speak of its glory, immediately she is lost in ——! But there, surely there is no need for us to sing our own praises. We will leave that tale to be told to 1915, etc., by our sister classes.

We began our athletic career with Basket Ball. Somehow in those days, "The Mid-Year Meet," which to us meant Basket Ball, seemed the centre of the Universe; all other things revolved around it. There was the painful necessity of prescribed classes and lectures which we sat through without our hearts. Those important organs were up in the "gym," above us, thumping on the floor, "Come up! Come up! Come up!" Sometimes, say it low, we even cut class in our enthusiasm for the game. The College was young then and when we skipped class we were sent for; so generally we cut in fear and trembling.

We had two teams, the regular team and the "Scrubs." Poor Scrubs! never did their work cease. The Sophomores had not enough Basket Ball girls in their class to enable them to have two teams. So our Scrubs offered their services for practice. And how they "scrubbed"! Just here, let me, in 1911's name, give them the praise that is their due. The regular team got all the glory of the victories, but to the Scrub team belongs half, if not more, of the honor.

The time for the Meet came nearer. Excitement ran high. 1910, the spring before, had covered itself with glory by defeating 1909's swift team. We poor Freshies shook in our boots. The Scrubs would come away from the Sophomore practice with sad or glistening eyes as the case might be. "Eyes" were our only means of knowledge. Of course, they couldn't tell us how the Sophomores played and, of course, we wouldn't ask them. We fairly ached with "honorableness."

The Day came bright, and the College was tense. Was it to be "Blue and Yellow" or "Brown and Gold"? The respective pennants hung from all the windows of all the College buildings.

Three o'clock came and after the exercises—the game! Stub, our Captain, rushed out on the floor with our mascot—a young son of Africa in a most gorgeous suit of brown and gold. I think none of us will ever forget that first command, "Position!" The ball went up in the air. Ted jumped for it and passed it to Stub. Stub to Dot who shot for the basket—and missed it. Dot turned white; and a low cry rang through the gym., "My heart, it's Dot's off-day!" It was Stell, the cheer leader, who, having thus shown her budding dramatic soul, slipped from the chair on which she was standing, almost into the lap of a dignified nun sitting near. Oh, prophetic fall!

Dot regained her ball and our first basket was made. The first half was over with the score in our favor. Florence and Betty rushed to the rest room with a huge bottle of alcohol. Our heads were bathed with the stuff until Gen declared she was getting dizzy. Outside we could hear, to the tune of the "Merry Widow" then popular,

"You ought to see the Freshman team play Basket Ball,
From Ted to Stub, from Stub to Dot and then we have a goal.
And almost while you're winking, the ball flies through the net,
And then it's back to Centre. Oh, we'll win, you bet!"

And we did, and with a good score; but we worked for it.

No sooner were we through the Mid-Year Meet, than at an Athletic Association meeting we decided to have a limit of fifteen points for Field Day. To have only three events, each to count five points; Basket Ball, Tennis and a 50-yard Dash. Mary and Betty were to play tennis and they were worked to death. Mary, a day scholar, was met by the class each Monday morning with "Mary, did you practice over Saturday and Sunday?" Florence and Sue could be seen dashing up and down the campus in the most approved fashion.

Field Day opened with Tennis. We were in terror of 1910's tennis champion, Mabel Jettinghoff, and our fears were only too well founded. 1911 went down before her swift serves and returns. 1910 fairly beamed, because for the dash, they had Mary O'Brien, who had three running medals, and ten points would give them the Cup. But Fate was kind to us and gave us both the Dash and the Basket Ball Game. Dorothy Brosmith, Ellen O'Donnell, Vera Babcock and Susan Sargent in our class made the 'Varsity that year.

The beginning of our Sophomore Year we defeated the Juniors in a Basket Ball game and our pride grew in proportion. It is senseless to quote a certain old adage about that very common defect, but 1911 verified it in its second Mid-Year Meet. 1912 had come in that year with a dash that should have warned us. We, who were superstitious, were further warned by the fact that our Gold Dust Twins Mascot flatly refused to go on the floor. Stub finally ran in with a screaming and kicking blot of Brown and Gold in her arms,

At the end of the second half the score stood for 1912 and 1911 respectively 12-11.

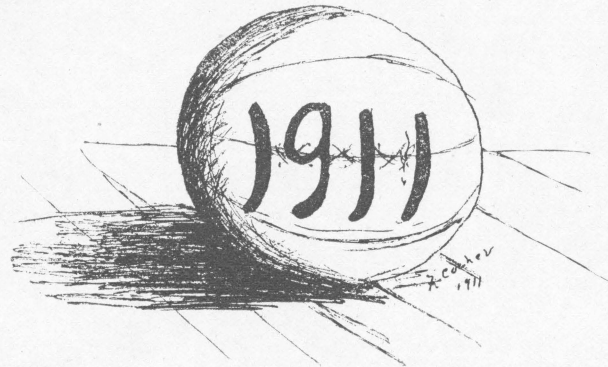
The earth held no more attractions for 1911. The very words Basket Ball seemed doomed. However, Field Day was to be thought of and we exulted in possession of a new member, an English girl who led the College in tennis. Rosamond was sure of herself, we were sure of Rosamond, and the world once more seemed fair.

Florence had her Hockey Team in the Castle Court Yard on every bright day and in between times, Dot, Betty and Sue endangered our lives with their arrows. We were pretty sure of the Day; but on that memorable May morning we woke up in a rainy world. We sat in "38" making chrysanthemums for favors. "It might clear, you know," Catharine informed us, "if smoke goes up straight from the chimney, it is a sure sign of clear weather." At which statement Nera nearly overturned Margaret in her efforts to gaze at "39's" chimney.

The smoke went straight up but the rain came straight down. By three o'clock the campus was a running river and the Cup remained peaceably in its place in the Gymnasium.

Juniors have too much work to do to take much of a part in athletics. Catharine, Muriel, Helen, Florence, Dot and Sue joined the Fencing Team, but "Light and Electricity" prevented very much practice.

In this last year of ours we learned the pedagogics of Gymnasium work. We have skipped and marched, played "Tom Tiddle's Ground" and "Slap Jack" like so many five-year-olds. The Freshies and Sophs gazed with wonder upon dignified Seniors learning "left" from "right," etc. We laugh, too, when we see them laughing—it's contagious, you know,—but our hearts are pretty full at times. It would be good to be in their places, and it's hard to be going away from it all. "Alma Mater" is very dear to 1911, and 1911 is not one that easily expresses its gratitude. I once heard of a class motto, "Let the deed show"! So let it be, Alma Mater!





THE QUARTERLY STAFF

The Quarterly

Editor-in-Chief

ESTELLE L. RYAN, '11

Associate Editors

ROSAMOND M. RAWLINS, '11

HELEN KOUNTZ, '12

BEATRICE WARREN, '13

EDITH LEEMING, '13

MARIE LANGDON, '13

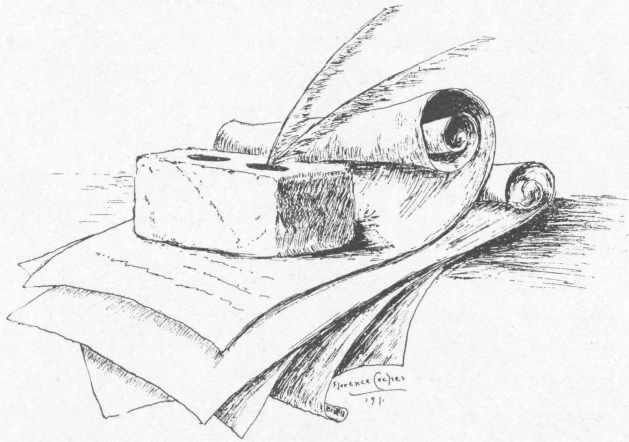
Business Managers

SUSAN P. SARGENT, '11

AGNES O'REILLY, '12

DOROTHY BROSMITH, '11

ETHEL JETTINGHOFF, '13



The first number of the "Quarterly" was issued in June, 1905. When you consider that, at that time, the College was to wait three years for its first Commencement, and that the charter establishing it as a College had only just been granted, the publication of a College Magazine takes on the aspect of a most daring feat.

The first issue was small. So small that not one-fifth the cost of publication could hope to be covered. However, the Good Angel of the "Quarterly," Mother Augustine, came to the rescue, and offered to finance the venture until it could gain a secure footing.

What would we have done without you, Mother Augustine? It was you who always stood between us and failure, you who encouraged us and urged us on to success.

And so the "Quarterly" made its advent into the world, a dainty looking periodical in a white paper cover, with blue decorations.

The contents were, as befitted a journal newly sprung and budding, chaste and scholarly.

Lis et Ruisseau—R. S. U.

A Day at Assisi—Mary Agnes MacDowell.

Robert Browning—Marie Louise Lalor.

The Oak and the Rose Tree—Cornelia Hannon.

A Literary Fount—R. S. U.

George Frederick Watts—Mary Curren.

Editorial.

Entre Nous.

Class Pot-Pourri.

Department of Education.

In November of the same year the second issue was published. A much more bulky, not to say varied number. In glancing through the contents we find "In a Trolley Car," "Where Dwell The Lord's Anointed," "An Idealist Spoiled." We were growing, you see.

Then came the June issue for 1906, with a picture of the New Building for a frontispiece—a conception, however, of the artist's own pure brain; for the side entrances are sadly misplaced and the surrounding shrubbery might have been transplanted from an Italian Garden of the Renaissance. However, the merit of the issue surpasses all such trifles.

There is a clever essay on Lady Mary Montague, in which Mary MacDonnell says that Lady Mary "looked upon this world and the next with impartial eyes." Happy Lady Mary! And there is a sketch by a Sophomore, all about a little chubby baby with three hairs on his head, which goes far to disarm present day criticism of the College woman's domestic attitude.

In the middle of the book is a photograph of the June play—The Princess. The Castle and the flowering summer shrubs form a truly mediaeval background for the Princess and her Prince and all their Lords and Ladies.

So the Quarterlies were spun out, till in December, 1907, the magazine grew shorter and broader, and left off its holiday garb and made its appearance in sober workaday brown. Mary MacDonnell was still Editor-in-Chief, and in her editorial she strikes a warning note to be many time after sounded—student co-operation. She implores both literary and financial aid, and announces the placing of a contribution box in the College Library to receive voluntary literary contributions. Oh, lonesome, lonely box! To-day you stand on the window-sill in the New Building. And the days of your weary existence have been spent in gathering cobwebs. Co-operation, however, has not been lacking. Nevertheless, we who find it somewhat of a task to-day to get sufficient material for our numbers look back, with awe and wonder, to the time when Mary Florence Curren and Anna T. McLoughlin contributed several articles apiece.

In 1907 the Board of Editors was as follows:

Editor-in-Chief—Mary A. MacDonnell, '08. Business Manager—Anna T. McLoughlin, '08.

Associate Editors—Mary F. Curren, '08, Mary E. Slevin, '09, Catherine Dacey, '09.

That was when we arrived and in the first issue of the year appear two articles by members of 1911, "Miss Lucy Reardon" by Mary Brosmith, and "The Legend of the Jungfra" by Estelle L. Ryan. Mabel Jettinghoff, '10, contributed an article on Rookwood Pottery. It might not be amiss to say here that in reading a College magazine, beware of trying to identify the nature of the articles with the character of the writers.

Now, the Business end of the Quarterly has always had much to do with shopkeeping. For surely, it does not behoove a girl to sit idle while her fellow collegiates go hungry—especially if in appeasing that hunger she can pocket good nickels and dimes.

In the beginning, however, the store started with the staid purpose of supplying only literary wants, and it was not till Uneeda Biscuits and Butterthins had been added to the stock, that the more noble purpose of keeping a grocery department was entered upon.

In 1909 the Board of Editors was as following: Editor-in-Chief, Catherine Dacey, '09. Mary Conklin, '09, Margaret Seltzer, '10, Estelle Ryan, '11, Associate Editors. Mary C. O'Brien, '10, Susan Sargent, '11, Business Managers.

The same year Mother Ignatius became Moderator. With Mother's coming all matters began to mend. For the first time we had a full issue of four numbers. We increased the list of subscribers and advertisers. Nor was this enough. In May we decided to have a May Day. The College would have a grand fete upon the campus. We would (at moderate cost) provide the amusements and the lunch. And for that one day we would roll hoops and skip rope and be children together. Catherine Dacey, with her persuasive little way, even induced an Italian storekeeper to lend us a chewing-gum slot-machine. We were considering how we should get it home, when we espied Peter, leisurely driving down the street behind Dolly. It was one of those rare days when he was in good humor and, after much grunting and whoaing, Dolly was induced to draw the surry up to the curb and, the machine having been placed on the back seat, with much more grunting and giddupping, she was induced to draw it away again.

May Day has now become a custom, one of the financial supports of the "Quarterly." The class of 1913 has been kind enough to establish another, a midwinter bazaar held in the Gym. Many thanks to you, 1913, who have originated the generous custom, and to you, 1914, who have done so much to make it an established success.

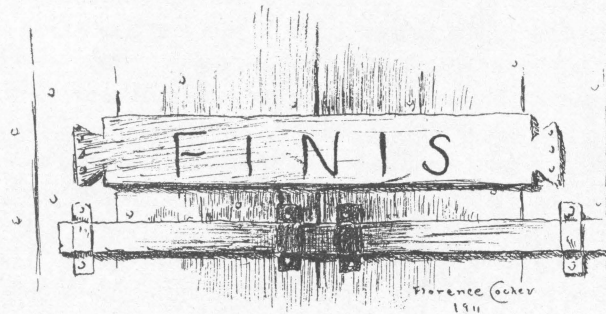
In 1910, Margaret Sultzer, '10, was Editor-in-Chief. Mabel Jettinghoff, '10, Rosamond Rawlins, '11, Helen Kountz, '12, Gladys Dering, '12, were taken on as Associate Editors. And Agnes Titterton, '10, and Agnes O'Reilly, '12, were added to the business staff. A new department was added to the paper, "From Other Halls of Learning."

Financially the year 1910 was a most successful one. All expenses were covered, with quite a sum left over towards the next issue, thanks to you, Mother Ignatius and to you, Sue Sargent, and to your "Quarterly" store. The store to-day is a dignified establishment with a long counter and a glass show-case. The Grocery Department is extensive; and wholesome sweetmeats at moderate prices may be had for the paying. (I was about to say for the asking, but Ethel Jettinghoff is a very strict shopkeeper in spite of her dimples.)

In June, 1910, the new staff was elected: Estelle Ryan, '11, Editor-in-Chief. Rosamond Rawlins, '11, Helen Kountz, '12, Marie Langdon, '13, Edith Leeming, '13, Beatrice Warren, '13, Associate Editors. Susan Sargent, '11, Business Manager. Agnes O'Reilly, '12, Dorothy Brosmith, '11, Ethel Jettinghoff, '13, Associate Business Managers. Gladys Deering, '12, resigned.

This year we have endeavored to put the "Quarterly" upon a more systematic basis. We have added a few new departments, one for Athletics, one for Dramatics. We have resurrected the College Pot-Pourri, and we have insisted upon those decorative trifles called head and tail pieces.

In all else we have endeavored to follow in the footsteps of our predecessors, marveling at their courage, striving to keep their spirit.



Class Autographs

Elizabeth Burr

Rosamond M. Rawlins.

Vera Babcock

Susan P. Sargent.

Estelle Ryan

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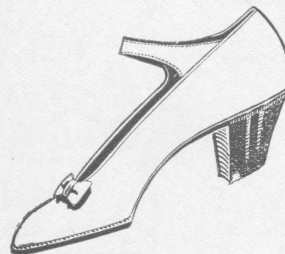
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Patrician Footwear

Exclusive
Agency

BLUE FRONT SHOE STORE

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